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READINGS
FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

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ENGLISH HISTORY.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

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PART III.

FROM CROMWELL TO BALAKLAVA.

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PROSE READINGS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

PART III.

I.

THE RESTORATION.

MACAULAY.

[The death of Cromwell brought the rule of Puritanism to an end. The divisions of the army which occupied the three realms quarrelled among themselves; and the nation took advantage of their strife to set up again the old system of government, and to recall Charles the Second to the throne. No political change was ever welcomed with so much joy as this restoration of the monarchy, for in it men saw the restoration of law and the overthrow of a rule of the sword.]

If we had to choose a lot from among all the multitude of those which men have drawn since the beginning of the world, we would select that of Charles the Second on the day of his return. He was in a situation in which the dictates of ambition coincided with those of benevolence, in which it was easier to be virtuous than to be wicked, to be loved than to be hated, to earn pure and imperishable glory than to become infamous. For once the road of

goodness was a smooth descent. He had done nothing to merit the affection of his people. But they had paid him in advance without measure. Elizabeth, after the destruction of the Armada, or after the abolition of monopolies, had not excited a thousandth part of the enthusiasm with which the young exile was welcomed home. He was not like Lewis the Eighteenth,[1] imposed on his subjects by foreign conquerors; nor did he, like Lewis the Eighteenth, come back to a country which had undergone a complete change. Happily for Charles, no European state, even when at war with the Commonwealth, had chosen to bind up its cause with that of the wanderers who were playing in the garrets of Paris and Cologne at being princes and chancellors.[2] Under the administration of Cromwell, England was more respected and dreaded than any power in Christendom, and even under the ephemeral governments which followed his death no foreign state ventured to treat her with contempt. Thus Charles came back, not as a mediator between his people and a victorious enemy, but as a mediator between internal factions. He found the Scotch Covenanters and the Irish Papists alike subdued. He found Dunkirk and Jamaica added to the empire.[3] He was heir to the conquests and to the influence of the able usurper who had excluded him.

The old government of England, as it had been far milder than the old government of France, had been far less violently and completely subverted. The national institutions had been spared or imperfectly eradicated. The laws had undergone little alteration. The tenures of the soil

[1] *The French king who was set on the throne after the overthrow of Napoleon by the European powers.* [2] *During his exile Charles had called himself king, appointed ministers, and the like.* [3] *Jamaica had been taken by an English fleet; Dunkirk taken as the price of the aid of an English army in the war of France against Spain.*

were still to be learned from Littleton and Coke.[4] The Great Charter was mentioned with as much reverence in the Parliaments of the Commonwealth as in those of any earlier or of any later age. A new confession of faith and a new ritual had been introduced into the Church. But the bulk of the ecclesiastical property still remained. The colleges still held their estates. The parson still received his tithes. The Lords had, at a crisis of great excitement, been excluded by military violence from their house; but they retained their titles and an ample share of the public veneration. When a nobleman made his appearance in the House of Commons he was received with ceremonious respect. Those few peers who consented to assist at the inauguration of the Protector were placed next to himself, and the most honourable offices of the day were assigned to them. We learn from the debates in Richard's Parliament how strong a hold the old aristocracy had on the affections of the people. One member of the House of Commons went so far as to say that, unless their Lordships were peaceably restored, the country might soon be convulsed by a war of the Barons.

There was indeed no great party hostile to the Upper House. There was nothing exclusive in the constitution of that body. It was regularly recruited from among the most distinguished of the country gentlemen, the lawyers, and the clergy. The most powerful nobles of the century which preceded the civil war, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Seymour of Sudely, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Salisbury, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Strafford had all been commoners, and had all raised themselves by courtly arts or by parliamentary talents, not merely to seats in the House of Lords, but to the first influence in that assembly. Nor had the

[4] *Compendiums of English law at the time.*

general conduct of the Peers been such as to make them unpopular. They had not, indeed, in opposing arbitrary measures shown so much eagerness and pertinacity as the Commons. But still they had opposed those measures. They had, at the beginning of the discontents, a common interest with the people. If Charles[5] had succeeded in his plan of governing without parliaments, the consequence of the Peers would have been grievously diminished. If he had been able to raise taxes by his own authority, the estates of the Peers would have been as much at his mercy as those of the merchants or of the farmers. If he had obtained the power of imprisoning his subjects at his pleasure, a Peer ran far greater risk of incurring the royal displeasure, and of being accommodated with apartments in the Tower, than any city trader or country squire. Accordingly Charles found that the Great Council of Peers which he convoked at York[6] would do nothing for him. In the most useful reforms which were made during the first session of the Long Parliament, the Peers concurred heartily with the Lower House, and a large and powerful minority of the English nobles stood by the popular side through the first years of the war. At Edgehill, Newbury, Marston, and Naseby, the armies of the Parliament were commanded by members of the aristocracy. It was not forgotten that a Peer had imitated the example of Hampden in refusing the payment of the ship money, or that a Peer had been among the six members of the legislature whom Charles illegally impeached.

Thus the old constitution of England was without difficulty re-established; and of all the parts of the old constitution, the monarchical part was, at the time, dearest to the body of the people. It had been injudiciously depressed, and it was in consequence unduly exalted. From the day

[5] *Charles the First.* [6] *Before the summoning again of his Parliament.*

when Charles the First became a prisoner had commenced a reaction in favour of his person and of his office. From the day when the axe fell on his neck before the windows of his palace, that reaction became rapid and violent. At the Restoration it had attained such a point that it could go no further. The people were ready to place at the mercy of their sovereign all their most ancient and precious rights. The most servile doctrines were publicly avowed. The most moderate and constitutional opposition was condemned. Resistance was spoken of with more horror than any crime which a human being can commit. The Commons were more eager than the King himself to avenge the wrongs of the royal house: more desirous than the bishops themselves to restore the Church; more ready to give money than the ministers to ask for it. They abrogated the excellent law passed in the first session of the Long Parliament, with the general consent of all honest men, to ensure the frequent meeting of the Great Council of the nation. They might probably have been induced to go further, and to restore the High Commission and the Star Chamber. All the contemporary accounts represent the nation as in a state of hysterical excitement, of drunken joy. In the immense multitude which crowded the beach at Dover, and bordered the road along which the King travelled to London, there was not one who was not weeping. Bonfires blazed. Bells jangled. The streets were thronged at night by boon-companions, who forced all the passers-by to swallow on bended knees brimming glasses to the health of his Most Sacred Majesty, and the damnation of Red-nosed Noll.[7] That tenderness to the fallen which has through many generations been a marked feature of the national character, was for a time hardly discernible. All London crowded to shout and

[7] *Oliver Cromwell.*

laugh round the gibbet[8] where hung the rotting remains of a prince who had made England the dread of all the world, who had been the chief founder of her maritime greatness, and of her colonial empire, who had conquered Scotland and Ireland, who had humbled Holland and Spain, the terror of whose name had been as a guard round every English traveller in remote countries, and round every Protestant congregation in the heart of Catholic empires. When some of those brave and honest, though misguided men, who had sate in judgement on their King were dragged on hurdles to a death of prolonged torture, their last prayers were interrupted by the hisses and execrations of thousands.

II.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

GREEN.

[All the moral change which Puritanism had striven to bring about disappeared with its fall; and piety and right conduct were trampled under foot by the nobles and courtiers who surrounded the new king. The most dissolute man in the realm was Charles the Second himself.]

To all outer seeming Charles was the most consummate of idlers. "He delighted," says one of his courtiers, "in a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering." The business-like Pepys[1] soon discovered that "the King do mind nothing but pleasure, and hates the very sight or thoughts

[8] *Cromwell's body was torn from its grave and hanged on the gibbet at Tyburn.* [1] *An official whose diary tells us much of the time.*

of business." He only laughed when Tom Killigrew frankly told him that badly as things were going there was one man whose employment would soon set them right, "and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment." That Charles had great natural parts no one doubted. In his earlier days of defeat and danger he showed a cool courage and presence of mind which never failed him in the many perilous moments of his reign. His temper was pleasant and social; his manners perfect, and there was a careless freedom and courtesy in his address which won over everybody who came into his presence. His education, indeed, had been so grossly neglected that he could hardly read a plain Latin book; but his natural quickness and intelligence showed itself in his pursuit of chymistry and anatomy, and in the interest he showed in the scientific inquiries of the Royal Society. Like Peter the Great, his favourite study was that of naval architecture, and he piqued himself on being a clever shipbuilder. He had some little love, too, for art and poetry, and a taste for music. But his shrewdness and vivacity showed itself most in his endless talk. He was fond of telling stories, and he told them with a good deal of grace and humour. His humour, indeed, never forsook him; even on his death-bed he turned to the weeping courtiers around him and whispered an apology for having been so unconscionable a time in dying. He held his own fairly with the wits of his court, and bandied repartees on equal terms with Sedley or Buckingham. Even Rochester in his merciless epigram was forced to own that "Charles never said a foolish thing." He had inherited in fact his grandfather's gift of pithy sayings, and his cynical irony often gave an amusing turn to them. When his brother, the most unpopular man in England,[2] solemnly warned him

[2] *James, Duke of York, afterwards James the Second.*

of plots against his life, Charles laughingly bid him set all fear aside. "They will never kill me, James," he said, "to make you king."

But courage, and wit, and ability seemed to have been bestowed on him in vain. Charles hated business. He gave no sign of ambition. The one thing he seemed in earnest about was sensual pleasure, and he took his pleasure with a cynical shamelessness which roused the disgust even of his shameless courtiers. Mistress followed mistress, and the guilt of a troop of profligate women was blazoned to the world by the gift of titles and estates. The royal bastards were set amongst English nobles. The ducal house of Grafton springs from the king's adultery with Barbara Palmer, whom he created Duchess of Cleveland. The Dukes of St. Albans owe their origin to his intrigue with Nell Gwynn, a player and a courtezan. Louise de Querouaille, a mistress sent by France to win him to its interests, became Duchess of Portsmouth, an ancestress of the house of Richmond. An earlier mistress, Lucy Walters, had made him father in younger days of the boy whom he raised to the dukedom of Monmouth, and to whom the Dukes of Buccleuch trace their line. But Charles was far from being content with these recognised mistresses, or with a single form of self-indulgence. Gambling and drinking helped to fill up the vacant moments when he could no longer toy with his favourites or bet at Newmarket. No thought of remorse or of shame seems ever to have crossed his mind. "He could not think God would make a man miserable," he said once, "only for taking a little pleasure out of the way." From shame, indeed, he was shielded by his cynical disbelief in human virtue. Virtue he regarded simply as a trick by which clever hypocrites imposed upon fools. Honour among men seemed to him as mere a pretence as chastity among women. Gratitude he had none, for he

looked upon self-interest as the only motive of men's actions, and though soldiers had died and women had risked their lives for him, he "loved others as little as he thought they loved him." But if he felt no gratitude for benefits he felt no resentment for wrongs. He was incapable either of love or of hate. The only feeling he retained for his fellow-men was that of an amused contempt.

It was difficult for Englishmen to believe that any real danger to liberty could come from an idler and a voluptuary such as Charles the Second. But in the very difficulty of believing this lay half the king's strength. He had in fact no taste whatever for the despotism of the Stuarts who had gone before him. His shrewdness laughed his grandfather's theories of Divine Right down the wind. His indolence made such a personal administration as that which his father delighted in burthensome to him: he was too humorous a man to care for the pomp and show of power, and too good-natured a man to play the tyrant. He told Lord Essex "that he did not wish to be like a Grand Signior, with some mutes about him, and bags of bowstrings to strangle men; but he did not think he was a king so long as a company of fellows were looking into his actions and examining his ministers as well as his accounts. A king," he thought, "who might be checked, and have his ministers called to account, was but a king in name." In other words he had no settled plan of tyranny, but he meant to rule as independently as he could, and from the beginning to the end of his reign there never was a moment when he was not doing something to carry out his aim. But he carried it out in a tentative, irregular fashion which it was as hard to detect as to meet. Whenever there was any strong opposition he gave way. If popular feeling demanded the dismissal of his ministers, he dismissed them. If it protested against his Declaration of Indulgence he recalled it. If it called for

victims in the frenzy of the Popish Plot, he gave it victims till the frenzy was at an end.

It was easy for Charles to yield and to wait, and just as easy for him to take up the thread of his purpose again the moment the pressure was over. The one fixed resolve which overrode every other thought in the king's mind was a resolve "not to set out on his travels again." His father[3] had fallen through a quarrel with the two Houses, and Charles was determined to remain on good terms with the Parliament till he was strong enough to pick a quarrel to his profit. He treated the Lords with an easy familiarity which robbed opposition of its seriousness. "Their debates amused him," he said, in his indolent way; and he stood chatting before the fire while peer after peer poured invectives on his ministers, and laughed louder than the rest when Shaftesbury directed his coarsest taunts at the barrenness of the queen. Courtiers were entrusted with the secret "management" of the Commons: obstinate country gentlemen were brought to the royal closet to kiss the king's hand, and listen to the king's pleasant stories of his escape after Worcester; and yet more obstinate country gentlemen were bribed. Where bribes, flattery, and management failed, Charles was content to yield and to wait till his time came again.

[3] *Charles the First.*

III.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

GREEN.

[One of the most fatal results of the Restoration of Charles to the throne was the loss of religious liberty. Laws were made which required all Englishmen to conform to the episcopal Church, and punished those who attended the worship of any other religious body with imprisonment. Among the ministers who were thus punished was John Bunyan, the writer of "The Pilgrim's Progress."]

JOHN BUNYAN was the son of a poor tinker at Elstow in Bedfordshire. Even in childhood his fancy revelled in terrible visions of heaven and hell. "When I was but a child of nine or ten years old," he tells us, "these things did so distress my soul, that then in the midst of my merry sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins." The sins he could not let go were a love of hockey and of dancing on the village green; for the only real fault which his bitter self-accusation discloses, that of a habit of swearing, was put an end to at once and for ever by a rebuke from an old woman. His passion for bell-ringing clung to him even after he had broken from it as a "vain practice;" and he would go to the steeple-house[1] and look on, till the thought that a bell might fall and crush him in his sins drove him panic-stricken from the door. A sermon against dancing and games drew him for a time from these indulgences; but the temptation again overmastered his resolve. "I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I

[1] *The church.*

returned with great delight. But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put in an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground I looked up to heaven; and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices."

It was in this atmosphere of excited feeling that the youth of Bunyan was spent. From his childhood he heard heavenly voices, and saw visions of heaven; from his childhood, too, he had been wrestling with this overpowering sense of sin, which sickness and repeated escapes from death did much, as he grew up, to deepen. But in spite of his self-reproaches, his life was a religious one; and the purity and sobriety of his youth was shown by his admission at seventeen into the ranks of the "New Model."[2] Two years later the war[3] was over, and Bunyan found himself married before he was twenty to a "godly" wife, as young and as poor as himself. So poor were the young couple that they could hardly muster a spoon and a plate between them; and the poverty of their home deepened, perhaps, the gloom of the young tinker's restlessness and religious depression. His wife did what she could to comfort him, teaching him again to read and write, for he had forgotten his school-learning, and reading with him in two little "godly" books, which formed his library. But the darkness only gathered the thicker round his imaginative soul. "I walked," he tells us of this time, "to a neighbouring town, and sate down

[2] *The Puritan army.* [3] *Against Charles the First.*

upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and after long musing I lifted up my head; but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and wept to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I! for they stood fast and kept their station. But I was gone and lost."

At last, after more than two years of this struggle, the darkness broke. Bunyan felt himself "converted," and freed from the burthen of his sin. He joined a Baptist church at Bedford, and a few years later he became famous as a preacher. As he held no formal post of minister in the congregation his preaching even under the Protectorate [4] was illegal, and "gave great offence" he tells us, "to the doctors and priests of that county," but he persisted with little real molestation until the Restoration. Six months after the king's return he was committed to Bedford Gaol on a charge of preaching in unlicensed conventicles; and his refusal to promise to abstain from preaching, kept him there eleven years. The gaol was crowded with prisoners like himself, and amongst them he continued his ministry, supporting himself by making tagged thread-laces and finding some comfort in the Bible, the "Book of Martyrs," and the writing materials which he was suffered to have with him in prison. But he was in the prime of life; his age was thirty-two when he was imprisoned, and the inactivity and severance from his wife and little children was hard to bear. "The parting with my wife and poor children," he says in words

[4] *Of Cromwell.*

of simple pathos, "hath often been to me in this place as the pulling of the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer to my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces. 'Poor child,' thought I, 'what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee.'"

But suffering could not break his purpose, and Bunyan found compensation for the narrow bounds of his prison in the wonderful activity of his pen. Tracts, controversial treatises, poems, meditations, his "Grace Abounding," and his "Holy City," followed each other in quick succession. It was in his gaol that he wrote the first and greatest part of his "Pilgrim's Progress." In no book do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. Its English is the simplest and the homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer; but it is the English of the Bible. The images of the "Pilgrim's Progress" are the images of prophet and evangelist; it borrows for its tenderer outbursts the very verse of the Song of Songs, and pictures the heavenly city in the words of the Apocalypse. But so completely has the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He has lived in the Bible till its words have become his own. He has lived among its visions and voices of heaven till all sense of possible unreality has died away. He tells his tale with such a perfect naturalness that

allegories become living things, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to us as places we see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly Wiseman as if we had met them in the street. It is in this amazing reality of impersonation that Bunyan's imaginative genius specially displays itself.

But this is far from being his only excellence. In its range, in its directness, in its simple grace, in the ease with which it changes from lively dialogue to dramatic action, from simple pathos to passionate earnestness, in the subtle and delicate fancy which often suffuses its childlike words, in its playful humour, its bold character painting, in the even and balanced power which passes without effort from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land "where the shining ones commonly walked because it was on the borders of heaven," in its sunny kindliness, unbroken by no bitter word, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is among the noblest of English poems. For if Puritanism had first discovered the poetry which contact with the spiritual world awakes in the meanest souls, Bunyan was the first of the Puritans who revealed this poetry to the outer world. The journey of Christian from the City of Destruction to the Heavenly City is simply a record of the life of such a Puritan as Bunyan himself, seen through an imaginative haze of spiritual idealism in which its commonest incidents are heightened and glorified. He is himself the Pilgrim who flies from the City of Destruction, who climbs the hill Difficulty, who faces Apollyon, who sees his loved ones cross the river of Death towards the Heavenly City, and how, because "the hill on which the City was framed was higher than the clouds, they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went."

The popularity which the "Pilgrim's Progress" enjoyed from the first proves that the religious sympathies of the

English people were still mainly Puritan. Before Bunyan's death in 1688 ten editions of the book had already been sold, and though even Cowper hardly dared to quote it for fear of moving a sneer in the polite world of his day, its favour among the middle classes and the poor has grown steadily from its author's day to our own. It is probably the most popular and the most widely known of all English books.

IV.

PERSECUTION OF COVENANTERS.

SCOTT.

[In Scotland the struggle between the crown and the non-conformists took a more violent form. The great mass of the Scotch people had put away bishops and held to the government of the Church by Presbyters or parish ministers. They had embodied their belief in a National Covenant. Charles insisted on putting their Church under bishops, and on rejecting the Covenant. Many submitted; but among the more earnest religionists a stern resistance sprang up. They withdrew from the churches, and gathered in meetings or conventicles in the fields to worship God. From their fidelity to the Covenant they were called Covenanters. The Government hunted them down like wild beasts.]

When the custom of holding field conventicles was adopted, it had the effect of raising the minds of those who frequented them to a higher and more exalted pitch of enthusiasm. The aged and more timid could hardly engage on distant expeditions into the wild mountainous districts and the barren moors; and the greater part of those who attended divine worship on such occasions were robust of

body, and bold of spirit, or at least men whose deficiency of strength and courage was more than supplied by religious zeal. The view of the rocks and hills around them, while a sight so unusual gave solemnity to their acts of devotion, encouraged them in the natural thought of defending themselves against oppression, amidst the fortresses of nature's own construction, to which they had repaired to worship the God of nature, according to the mode their education dictated and their conscience acknowledged. The recollection that in these fastnesses their fathers had often found a safe retreat from foreign invaders must have encouraged their natural confidence, and it was confirmed by the success with which a stand was sometimes made against small bodies of troops, who were occasionally repulsed by the sturdy Whigs[1] whom they attempted to disperse. In most cases of this kind they behaved with moderation, inflicting no further penalty upon such prisoners as might fall into their hands than detaining them to enjoy the benefit of a long sermon. Fanaticism added marvels to encourage this new-born spirit of resistance. They conceived themselves to be under the immediate protection of the Power whom they worshipped, and in their heated state of mind expected even miraculous interposition. At a conventicle held on one of the Lomond hills in Fife, it was reported and believed that an angelic form appeared in the air, hovering about the assembled congregation, with his foot advanced, as if in the act of keeping watch for their safety.

On the whole, the idea of repelling force by force, and defending themselves against the attacks of the soldiers, and others who assaulted them, when employed in divine worship, began to become more general among the harassed nonconformists. For this purpose many of the congregation assembled in arms, and I received the following

[1] *The Covenanters in the western counties were called Whigs.*

description of such a scene from a lady whose mother had repeatedly been present on such occasions. The meeting was held on the Eildon hills,[2] in the bosom betwixt two of the three conical tops which form the crest of the mountain. Trusty sentinels were placed on advanced posts all around, so as to command a view of the country below, and give the earliest notice of the approach of any unfriendly party. The clergyman occupied an elevated temporary pulpit, with his back to the wind. There were few or no males of any quality or distinction, for such persons could not escape detection, and were liable to ruin from the consequences. But many women of good condition, and holding the rank of ladies, ventured to attend the forbidden meeting, and were allowed to sit in front of the assembly. Their side-saddles were placed on the ground to serve for seats, and their horses were tethered, or piqueted, as it is called, in the rear of the congregation. Before the females, and in the interval which divided them from the tent, or temporary pulpit, the arms of the men present, pikes, swords, and muskets, were regularly piled in such order as is used by soldiers, so that each man might in an instant assume his own weapons.

As if Satan himself had suggested means of oppression, Lauderdale[3] raked up out of oblivion the old and barbarous laws which had been adopted in the fiercest times, and directed them against the nonconformists, especially those who attended the field conventicles. One of those laws inflicted the highest penalties upon persons who were intercommuned, as it was called—that is, outlawed by legal sentence. The nearest relations were prohibited from assisting each other, the wife the husband, the brother the brother, and the parent the son, if the sufferers had been intercom-

[2] *Near Melrose.* [3] *The Duke of Lauderdale was the King's minister in Scotland.*

muned. The Government of this cruel time applied these ancient and barbarous statutes to the outlawed Presbyterians of the period, and thus drove them altogether from human society. In danger, want, and necessity, the inhabitants of the wilderness, and expelled from civil intercourse, it is no wonder that we find many of these wanderers avowing principles and doctrines hostile to the government which oppressed them, and carrying their resistance beyond the bounds of mere self-defence. There were instances, though less numerous than might have been expected, of their attacking the houses of the curates, or of others by whose information they had been accused of nonconformity; and several deaths ensued in those enterprises, as well as in skirmishes with the military.

Superstitious notions also, the natural consequences of an uncertain, melancholy, and solitary life among the desolate glens and mountains, mingled with the intense enthusiasm of this persecuted sect. Their occasional successes over their oppressors, and their frequent escapes from the pursuit of the soldiery, when the marksmen missed their aim, or when a sudden mist concealed the fugitives, were imputed, not to the operation of those natural causes by means of which the Deity is pleased to govern the world, and which are the engines of his power, but to the direct interposition of a miraculous agency, over-ruling and suspending the laws of nature, as in the period of Scripture history. Many of the preachers, led away by the strength of their devotional enthusiasm, conceived themselves to be the vehicles of prophecy, and poured out tremendous denunciations of future wars, and miseries more dreadful than those which they themselves sustained; and, as they imagined themselves to be occasionally under the miraculous protection of the heavenly powers, so they often thought themselves in a peculiar manner exposed to the envy and persecution of the

spirits of darkness, who lamed their horses when they were pursued, betrayed their footsteps to the enemy, or terrified them by ghastly apparitions in the dreary caverns and recesses where they were compelled to hide themselves. But especially the scattered Covenanters believed firmly that their chief persecutors received from the Evil Spirit a proof against leaden bullets—a charm, that is, to prevent their being pierced or wounded by them. There were many supposed to be gifted with this necromantic privilege. In the battle of Rullion Green, on the Pentland Hills, many of the Presbyterians were willing to believe that the balls were seen hopping like hailstones from Tom Dalziel's buff-coat and boots. Silver bullets were not supposed to be neutralized by the same spell; but that metal being scarce among the persecuted Covenanters, it did not afford them much relief.

To John Graham of Claverhouse, a Scottish officer of high rank, who began to distinguish himself as a severe executor of the orders of the Privy Council against non-conformists, the Evil Spirit was supposed to have been still more liberal than to Dalziel, or to the Englishman who died at Caldons. He not only obtained proof against lead, but the devil is said to have presented him with a black horse, which had not a single white hair upon its body. This horse, it was said, had been cut out of the belly of its dam, instead of being born in the usual manner. On this animal Claverhouse was supposed to perform the most unwonted feats of agility, flying almost like a bird along the sides of precipitous hills, and through pathless morasses, where an ordinary horse must have been smothered or dashed to pieces. It is even yet believed, that mounted on this steed, Claverhouse (or Clavers, as he is popularly called) once turned a hare on the mountain named the Brandlaw, at the head of Moffatdale, where no other horse could have kept its feet. But these exertions were usually made whilst he was in

pursuit of the Wanderers, which was considered as Satan's own peculiar pleasing work.

There lived at this gloomy period, at a place called Preshill, or Priesthill, in Lanarkshire, a man named John Brown, a carrier by profession, and called, from his zealous religious principles, the Christian Carrier. This person had been out with the insurgents at Bothwell Bridge,[4] and was for other reasons amenable to the cruelty of the existing laws. On a morning of May, 1685, Peden, one of the Cameronian ministers, whom Brown had sheltered in his house, took his leave of his host and his wife, repeating twice,—"Poor woman! a fearful morning—a dark and misty morning!"—words which were afterwards believed to be prophetic of calamity. When Peden was gone, Brown left his house with a spade in his hand for his ordinary labour, when he was suddenly surrounded and arrested by a band of horse, with Claverhouse at their head. Although the prisoner had a hesitation in his speech on ordinary occasions, he answered the questions which were put to him in this extremity with such composure and firmness, that Claverhouse asked whether he was a preacher. He was answered in the negative. "If he has not preached," said Claverhouse, "mickle[5] hath he prayed in his time. But betake you now to your prayers for the last time" (addressing the sufferer), "for you shall presently die." The poor man kneeled down and prayed with zeal; and when he was touching on the political state of the country, and praying that Heaven would spare a remnant, Claverhouse, interrupting him, said, "I gave you leave to pray, and you are preaching." "Sir," answered the prisoner, turning towards his judge on his knees, "you know nothing either of preaching or praying, if

[4] *A battle fought between the Covenanters and the Duke of Monmouth, in which they were routed.* [5] *Much.*

you call what I now say preaching?"—then continued without confusion.

When his devotions were ended, Claverhouse commanded him to bid good-night to his wife and children. Brown turned towards them, and, taking his wife by the hand, told her that the hour was come which he had spoken of when he first asked her consent to marry him. The poor woman answered firmly,—"In this cause I am willing to resign you." "Then have I nothing to do save to die," he replied; "and I thank God I have been in a frame to meet death for many years." He was shot dead by a party of soldiers at the end of his own house; and although his wife was of a nervous habit, and used to become sick at the sight of blood, she had on this occasion strength enough to support the dreadful scene without fainting or confusion, only her eyes dazzled when the carabines were fired. While her husband's dead body lay stretched before him, Claverhouse asked her what she thought of her husband now. "I ever thought much of him," she replied, "and now more than ever." "It were but justice," said Claverhouse, "to lay thee beside him." "I doubt not," she replied, "that if you were permitted, your cruelty would carry you that length. But how will you answer for this morning's work?" "To man I can be answerable," said Claverhouse, "and Heaven I will take in my own hand." He then mounted his horse and marched, and left her with the corpse of her husband lying beside her, and her fatherless infant in her arms. "She placed the child on the ground," says the narrative with scriptural simplicity, "tied up the corpse's head, and straightened the limbs, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him."

THE POPISH PLOT.

MACAULAY.

[While he was thus persecuting the dissenters from the National Church, the steady aim of Charles the Second was to set the crown free from all restraint of law or Parliament and to establish a despotism. This he hoped to do by the aid of France, and with this view he again and again betrayed the interests of England by secret treaties with the French king. Nor was he truer to the Church than to the nation. He was in heart a Catholic; and he looked forward to the ruin of Protestantism, because its spirit was averse from arbitrary power. He shrank indeed from avowing his faith; but his brother, James, Duke of York, and many of the leading statesmen and nobles of the time became Catholics. Meanwhile, suspicions of the king's dealings with France stole abroad; and in the general excitement men listened to the lies of Titus Oates, an impostor who pretended to have discovered a Popish plot for the destruction of the king and the nation. The country went mad with panic; and many foolish and cruel things were done.]

THE nation, awaking from its rapturous trance found itself sold to a foreign, a despotic, a Popish court, defeated on its own seas and rivers by a state[1] of far inferior resources, and placed under the rule of panders and buffoons. Our ancestors saw the best and ablest divines of the age turned out of their benefices by hundreds. They saw the prisons filled with men guilty of no other crime than that of worshipping God according to the fashion generally

[1] *The Dutch had defeated the English fleet, and sailed in triumph up the Thames.*

prevailing throughout Protestant Europe. They saw a Popish queen on the throne, and a Popish heir[2] on the steps of the throne. They saw unjust aggression followed by feeble war, and feeble war ending in disgraceful peace. They saw a Dutch fleet riding triumphant in the Thames. They saw the triple alliance[3] broken, the Exchequer shut up,[4] the public credit shaken, the arms of England employed, in shameful subordination to France, against a country[5] which seemed to be the last asylum of civil and religious liberty. They saw Ireland discontented, and Scotland in rebellion. They saw, meantime, Whitehall swarming with sharpers and courtesans. They saw harlot after harlot, and bastard after bastard, not only raised to the highest honours of the peerage, but supplied out of the spoils of the honest, industrious, and ruined public creditor, with ample means of supporting the new dignity. The government became more odious every day. Even in the bosom of that very House of Commons which had been elected by the nation in the ecstasy of its penitence, of its joy and of its hope, an opposition sprang up and became powerful. Loyalty which had been proof against all the disasters of the civil war, which had survived the routs of Naseby and Worcester, which had never flinched from sequestration and exile, which the Protector could never intimidate or seduce, began to fail in this last and hardest trial. The storm had long been gathering. At length it burst with a fury which threatened the whole frame of society with dissolution.

It was natural that there should be a panic; and it was natural that the people should, in a panic, be unreasonable and credulous. Oates was a bad man; but the spies and

[2] *The King's brother James, Duke of York.* [3] *The alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden, against the aggression of France.* [4] *At the opening of the war with the Dutch.* [5] *Charles joined France in its attack upon Holland.*

deserters by whom governments are informed of conspiracies are generally bad men. His story was strange and romantic; but it was not more strange or romantic than a well-authenticated Popish plot which some few people then living might remember, the gunpowder treason. Oates's account of the burning of London was in itself not more improbable than the project of blowing up King, Lords, and Commons, a project which had not only been entertained by very distinguished Catholics, but which had very narrowly missed of success. As to the design on the King's person, all the world knew that, within a century, two Kings of France and a prince of Orange had been murdered by Catholics, purely from religious enthusiasm, that Elizabeth had been in constant danger of a similar fate, and that such attempts, to say the least, had not been discouraged by the highest authority of the Church of Rome. The characters of some of the accused persons stood high; but so did that of Anthony Babington,[6] and that of Everard Digby.[7] Those who suffered denied their guilt to the last; but no persons versed in criminal proceedings would attach any importance to this circumstance. It was well known also that the most distinguished Catholic casuists had written largely in defence of regicide, of mental reservation, and of equivocation. It was not quite impossible that men whose minds had been nourished with the writings of such casuists might think themselves justified in denying a charge which, if acknowledged, would bring great scandal on the Church. The trials of the accused Catholics were exactly like all the state trials of those days; that is to say, as infamous as they could be. They were neither fairer nor less fair than those of Algernon Sydney, of Rosewell, of Cornish, of all the unhappy men, in short, whom a predominant party

[6] *Babington took part in a plot for murdering Queen Elizabeth.* [7] *Digby was one of the leaders in the Gunpowder Plot.*

brought to what was then facetiously called justice. Till the revolution purified our institutions and our manners, a state-trial was merely a murder preceded by the uttering of certain gibberish and the performance of certain mummeries.

The Opposition had now the great body of the nation with them. Thrice the King dissolved the Parliament; and thrice the constituent body sent him back representatives fully determined to keep strict watch on all his measures, and to exclude his brother from the throne. Had the character of Charles resembled that of his father, this intestine discord would infallibly have ended in civil war. Obstinacy and passion would have been his ruin. His levity and apathy were his security. He resembled one of those light Indian boats which are safe because they are pliant, which yield to the impact of every wave, and which therefore bound without danger through a surf in which a vessel ribbed with heart of oak would inevitably perish. The only thing about which his mind was unalterably made up was that, to use his own phrase, he would not go on his travels again for anybody or for anything. His easy, indolent behaviour produced all the effects of the most artful policy. He suffered things to take their course; and if Achitophel had been at one of his ears, and Machiavel at the other, they could have given him no better advice than to let things take their course. He gave way to the violence of the movement, and waited for the corresponding violence of the rebound. He exhibited himself to his subjects in the interesting character of an oppressed king, who was ready to do anything to please them, and who asked of them, in return, only some consideration for his conscientious scruples and for his feelings of natural affection, who was ready to accept any ministers, to grant any guarantees to public liberty, but who could not find it in his heart to take away his brother's birthright. Nothing more

was necessary. He had to deal with a people whose noble weakness it has always been not to press too hardly on the vanquished, with a people the lowest and most brutal of whom cry "shame," if they see a man struck when he is on the ground. The resentment which the nation had felt towards the court began to abate as soon as the court was manifestly unable to offer any resistance. The panic gradually subsided. Every day brought to light some new falsehood or contradiction in the stories of Oates and Bedloe. The people were glutted with the blood of Papists as they had, twenty years before, been glutted with the blood of regicides. When the first sufferers in the plot were brought to the bar, the witnesses for the defence were in danger of being torn in pieces by the mob. Judges, jurors, and spectators seemed equally indifferent to justice, and equally eager for revenge. Lord Stafford, the last sufferer, was pronounced not guilty by a large minority of his peers; and when he protested his innocence on the scaffold, the people cried out, "God bless you, my lord; we believe you, my lord." The attempt to make a son of Lucy Waters[1] King of England was alike offensive to the pride of the nobles and to the moral feeling of the middle class. The old cavalier party, the great majority of the landed gentry, the clergy and the universities almost to a man, began to draw together, and to form in close array round the throne.

A similar reaction had begun to take place in favour of Charles the First during the second session of the Long Parliament; and, if that prince had been honest or sagacious enough to keep himself strictly within the limits of the law, we have not the smallest doubt that he would in a few months have found himself at least as powerful as

[1] *A mistress of Charles, whose son, the Duke of Monmouth, some wished to make king in place of the Duke of York.*

his best friends, Lord Falkland, Culpepper, or Hyde, would have wished to see him. By illegally impeaching the leaders of the Opposition, and by making in person a wicked attempt on the House of Commons, he stopped and turned back that tide of loyal feeling which was just beginning to run strongly. The son, quite as little restrained by law or by honour as the father, was, luckily for himself, a man of a lounging, careless temper, and, from temper, we believe, rather than from policy, escaped that great error which cost his father so dear. Instead of trying to pluck the fruit before it was ripe, he lay still till it fell mellow into his very mouth. If he had arrested Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Russell [8] in a manner not warranted by law, it is not improbable that he would have ended his life in exile. He took the sure course. He employed only his legal prerogatives, and he found them amply sufficient for his purpose.

The whole of that machinery which had lately been in motion against the Papists was now put in motion against the Whigs,[9]—brow-beating judges, packed juries, lying witnesses, clamorous spectators. The ablest chief of the party fled to a foreign country and died there.[10] The most virtuous man [11] of the party was beheaded. Another of its most distinguished members preferred a voluntary death to the shame of a public execution. The boroughs on which the government could not depend were, by means of legal quibbles, deprived of their charters; and their constitution was remodelled in such a manner as almost to ensure the return of representatives devoted to the court. All parts of the kingdom emulously sent up the most extravagant assurances of the love which they bore to their sovereign, and

[8] *The leaders of the party opposed to the court.* [9] *The party opposed to the court.* [10] *Lord Shaftesbury died in exile in Holland.* [11] *Lord Russell.*

of the abhorrence with which they regarded those who questioned the divine origin or the boundless extent of his power.

VI.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

MACKINTOSH.

[Charles had only begun to take advantage of the turn of national feeling which followed on the exposure of the Popish Plot when his death placed his brother, James the Second, on the throne. James was resolved to rule as a despot; and this he might have succeeded in doing. But he was a bigoted Catholic, and resolved besides to make England a Catholic country. In his efforts to do this, he set against him all the classes who had hitherto supported the throne, and above all the clergy. They refused to read a Declaration of Indulgence which he illegally published; and seven of the Bishops waited on the King himself with a protest. James treated this as a libel, and ordered them to be put on their trial.]

On the 15th of June the Bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench by a writ of Habeas Corpus. On leaving the Tower they refused to pay the fees required by Sir Edward Hales as lieutenant, whom they charged with discourtesy. He so far forgot himself as to say that the fees were a compensation for the irons with which he might have loaded them, and the bare walls and floor to which he might have confined their accommodation. They answered, "We lament the King's displeasure, but every other man loses his breath who attempts to intimidate us." On landing from their barge they were received with increased reverence by a great multitude, who made a lane for them, and followed them into Westminster Hall. The

nuncio,[1] unused to the slightest breath of popular feeling, was subdued by these manifestations of enthusiasm, which he relates with more warmth than any other contemporary. "Of the immense concourse of people," says he, "who received them on the bank of the river, the majority in their immediate neighbourhood were on their knees; the Archbishop[2] laid his hands on the heads of such as he could reach, exhorting them to continue steadfast in their faith; they cried aloud that all should kneel, while tears flowed from the eyes of many." In the Court of King's Bench they were attended by the twenty-nine peers, who offered to be their sureties, and the court was instantly filled by a crowd of gentlemen attached to their cause.

The Bishops pleaded Not Guilty, and they were enlarged, on their own undertaking to appear on the trial, which was appointed to be on the 29th of June. As they left the court they were surrounded by crowds, who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude, who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the Park to escape from the bodies of people by whom the streets were obstructed. Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court and were repeated all around at the moment of the enlargement. The bells of the Abbey Church of Westminster had begun to ring a joyful peal, when they were stopped by Sprat[3] amidst the execrations of the people. No one knew, said the Dutch Minister, what to do for joy. When the Archbishop landed at Lambeth, the grenadiers of Lord Lichfield's regiment, though posted there by his enemies,

[1] *James had, in defiance of the law, received a nuncio or ambassador from the Pope.* [2] *Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.* [3] *Bishop Sprat, Dean of Westminster.*

received him with military honours, made a lane for his passage from the river to his palace, and fell on their knees to ask his blessing. In the evening the premature joy at this temporary liberation displayed itself in bonfires and in some outrages to Roman Catholics, as the supposed instigators of the prosecution.

[In spite of these displays of national feeling, James persisted in bringing the Bishops to trial, and at the end of June they were brought to the bar].

After a trial which lasted ten hours, the jury retired at seven o'clock in the evening to consider their verdict. The friends of the Bishops watched at the door of the jury-room, and heard loud voices at midnight and at three o'clock, so anxious were they about the issue, though delay be in such cases a sure symptom of acquittal. The opposition of one Arnold, the brewer of the King's house, being at length subdued by the steadiness of the others, they informed the Chief Justice, at six o'clock in the morning, that the jury were agreed in their verdict, and desired to know when he would receive it. The Court met at nine o'clock. The nobility and gentry covered the benches, and an immense concourse of people filled the hall, and blocked up the adjoining streets. Sir Robert Langley, the foreman of the jury, being, according to established form, asked whether the accused were guilty or not guilty, pronounced the verdict "Not guilty." No sooner were these words uttered than a loud huzza arose from the audience in the court. It was instantly echoed from without by a shout of joy, which sounded like a crack of the ancient and massy roof of Westminster Hall. It passed with electrical rapidity from voice to voice along the infinite multitude who waited in the streets. It reached the Temple in a few minutes. For a short time no man seemed to know where he was. No business was done for hours. The Solicitor-General informed

Lord Sunderland, in the presence of the nuncio, that never within the remembrance of man had there been heard such cries of applause mingled with tears of joy. "The acclamations," says Sir John Rerresby, "were a very rebellion in noise." In no long time they ran to the camp at Hounslow, and were repeated with an ominous voice by the soldiers in the hearing of the King, who, on being told that they were for the acquittal of the bishops, said, with an ambiguity probably arising from confusion, "So much the worse for them."

The jury were received with the loudest acclamations; hundreds with tears in their eyes embraced them as deliverers. The bishops, almost alarmed at their own success, escaped from the huzzas of the people as privately as possible, and exhorted them to fear God and honour the King. Cartwright,[4] Bishop of Chester, had remained in court during the trial unnoticed by any of the crowd of nobility and gentry, and Sprat met with little more regard. Cartwright, in going to his carriage, was called "a wolf in sheep's clothing;" and as he was very corpulent, the populace cried out, "Room for the man with a pope in his belly!" They bestowed also on Sir William Williams[5] very mortifying proofs of disrespect. Money was thrown among the populace to drink the healths of the King, the bishops, and the jury. In the evening they did so together with confusion to the Papists, amidst the ringing of bells, and around bonfires which were lighted throughout the city, blazing before the windows of the King's palace, where the Pope was burned in effigy by those who were not aware of his lukewarm friendship for their enemies. Bonfires were particularly kindled before the doors of the most distinguished Roman Catholics, who were required by the

[4] *Bishop Cartwright and Sprat were on the King's side.*
[5] *One of the counsel for the crown.*

multitude to defray the expense of this annoyance. Lord Arundel and others submitted. Lord Salisbury, with the zeal of a new convert, sent his servants to disperse the rabble; but after having fired and killed the parish beadle, who came to quench the bonfire, they were driven back into the house. All parties, Dissenters as well as Churchmen, rejoiced in the acquittal; the bishops and their friends vainly laboured to temper the extravagance with which it was expressed. The nuncio, at first touched by the effusion of popular feeling, but now shocked by this boisterous triumph, declared "that the fires over the whole city, the drinking in every street, accompanied by cries to the health of the bishops and confusion to the Catholics, with the play of fireworks and the discharge of firearms, and the other demonstrations of furious gladness, mixed with impious outrage against religion, which were continued during the night, formed a scene of unspeakable horror, displaying, in all its rancour, the malignity of this heretical people against the Church." The bonfires were kept up during the whole of Saturday, and the disorderly joys of the multitude did not cease till the dawn of Sunday reminded them of the duties of their religion.

VII.

THE LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

MACAULAY.

[England was at last driven to revolt by the tyranny of James; and some of the greatest nobles called William, Prince of Orange, to put himself at the head of the national rising. William had married Mary, the eldest daughter of James, who had till of late been looked on as his destined successor. He gathered a fleet and army in

Holland, and in 1688 set sail for the English shores. His first attempt was foiled by a storm; in a second he was more fortunate.]

It was on the evening of Thursday the 1st of November that William put to sea the second time. The wind blew fresh from the east. The armament, during twelve hours, held a course towards the north-west. The light vessels sent out by the English Admiral,[1] for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, brought back news which confirmed the prevailing opinion that the enemy would try to land in Yorkshire. All at once, on a signal from the Prince's ship, the whole fleet tacked and made sail for the British Channel. The same breeze which favoured the voyage of the invaders prevented Dartmouth from coming out of the Thames. His ships were forced to strike yards and topmasts: and two of his frigates, which had gained the open sea, were shattered by the violence of the weather and driven back into the river.

The Dutch fleet ran fast before the gale, and reached the Straits at about ten in the morning of Saturday, the 3rd of November. William himself, in the Brill, led the way. More than six hundred vessels, with canvas spread to a favourable wind, followed in his train. The transports were in the centre. The men of war, more than fifty in number, formed an outer rampart. Herbert, with the title of Lieutenant Admiral General, commanded the whole fleet. Soon after midday William passed the Straits. His fleet spread to within a league of Dover on the north, and of Calais on the south. The men of war on the extreme right and left saluted both fortresses at once. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. An innumerable

[1] *The admiral of James the Second, Lord Dartmouth.*

company of gazers blackened the white beach of Kent. Another mighty multitude covered the coast of Picardy. Rapin de Thoyras, who, driven by persecution from his country, had taken service in the Dutch army, and now went with the Prince to England, described the spectacle, many years later, as the most magnificent and affecting that was ever seen by human eyes. At sunset the armament was off Beachy Head. Then the lights were kindled. The sea was in a blaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were directed throughout the night to three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the Brill.

Meanwhile a courier had been riding post from Dover Castle to Whitehall with the news that the Dutch had passed the Straits and were steering westward. It was necessary to make an immediate change in all the military arrangements. Messengers were despatched in every direction. Officers were roused from their beds at dead of night. At three on the Sunday morning there was a great muster by torch-light in Hyde Park. The King had sent several regiments northward in the expectation that William would land in Yorkshire. Expresses were despatched to recall them. All the forces except those which were necessary to keep the peace of the capital were ordered to move to the west. Salisbury was appointed as the place of rendezvous; but, as it was thought possible that Portsmouth might be the first point of attack, three battalions of guards and a strong body of cavalry set out for that fortress. In a few hours it was known that Portsmouth was safe, and these troops then received orders to change their route and to hasten to Salisbury.

When Sunday the 4th of November dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were full in view of the Dutch armament. That day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part

of the morning; and divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on its course. Torbay was the place where the Prince intended to land. But the morning of Monday the 5th of November was hazy. The pilot of the Brill could not discern the sea marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great. To return in the face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the next port. But at Plymouth a garrison had been posted under the command of the Earl of Bath. The landing might be opposed; and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time the royal fleet had got out of the Thames, and was hastening full sail down the Channel. Russell saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet,[2] "You may go to prayers, Doctor, all is over." At that moment the wind changed: a soft breeze sprang up from the south; the mist dispersed; the sun shone forth; and, under the mild light of an autumnal noon, the fleet turned back, passed round by the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay.

Since William looked on that harbour its aspect has greatly changed. The amphitheatre which surrounds the spacious basin now exhibits everywhere the signs of prosperity and civilization. At the north-eastern extremity has sprung up a great watering-place,[3] to which strangers are attracted from the most remote parts of our island by the Italian softness of the air, for in that climate the myrtle flourishes unsheltered, and even the winter is milder than the Northumbrian April. The inhabitants are about ten thousand in number. The newly-built churches and chapels, the baths and libraries, the hotels and public gardens, the infirmary and the museum, the white streets, rising terrace

[2] *An English chaplain of William.* [3] *Torquay.*

above terrace, the gay villas peeping from the midst of shrubberies and flower-beds, present a spectacle widely different from any that in the seventeenth century England could show. At the opposite end of the bay lies, sheltered by Berry Head, the stirring market-town of Brixham, the wealthiest seat of our fishing trade. A pier and a haven were formed there at the beginning of the present century, but have been found insufficient for the increasing traffic. The population is about six thousand souls. The shipping amounts to more than two hundred sail. The tonnage exceeds many times the tonnage of the port of Liverpool under the kings of the House of Stuart. But Torbay, when the Dutch fleet cast anchor there, was known only as a haven where ships sometimes took refuge from the tempests of the Atlantic. Its quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or of pleasure: and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions.

The peasantry of the coast of Devonshire remembered the name of Monmouth[4] with affection, and held Popery in detestation. They therefore crowded down to the seaside with provisions and offers of service. The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. MacKay was sent on shore first with the British regiments. The Prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands. The whole aspect of the place has been altered. Where we now see a port crowded with shipping, and a market-place swarming with buyers and sellers, the waves then broke on a desolate beach; but a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf.

[4] *At the opening of James's reign the Duke of Monmouth had raised a revolt in the western counties.*

VIII.

KILLIECRANKIE.

SCOTT.

[In England William met with no opposition. The people rose against James, his own officers forsook him, and he fled over sea. In Scotland, however, the famous Claverhouse, who had now become Viscount Dundee, took refuge in the Highlands and called their clans to arms.]

DUNDEE resolved to preserve the castle of Blair, so important as a key to the Northern Highlands, and marched to protect it with a body of about two thousand Highlanders, with whom he occupied the upper and northern extremity of the pass between Dunkeld and Blair.

In this celebrated defile, called the Pass of Killiecrankie, the road runs for several miles along the banks of a furious river, called the Garry, which rages below, amongst cataracts and waterfalls which the eye can scarcely discern, while a series of precipices and wooded mountains rise on the other hand; the road itself is the only mode of access through the glen, and along the valley which lies at its northern extremity. The path was then much more inaccessible than at the present day, as it ran close to the bed of the river, and was now narrower and more rudely formed.

A defile of such difficulty was capable of being defended to the last extremity by a small number against a considerable army; and considering how well adapted his followers were for such mountain warfare, many of the Highland chiefs were of opinion that Dundee ought to content himself with guarding the pass against MacKay's[1] superior

[1] *The general of William's force in Scotland.*

army, until a rendezvous, which they had appointed, should assemble a stronger force of their countrymen. But Dundee was of a different opinion, and resolved to suffer MacKay to march through the pass without opposition, and then to fight him in the open valley, at the northern extremity. He chose this bold measure, both because it promised a decisive result to the combat which his ardent temper desired; and also because he preferred fighting MacKay before that General was joined by a considerable body of English horse who were expected, and of whom the Highlanders had at that time some dread.

On the 17th June, 1689, General MacKay with his troops entered the pass, which, to their astonishment, they found unoccupied by the enemy. His forces were partly English and Dutch regiments, who, with many of the Lowland Scots themselves, were struck with awe, and even fear, at finding themselves introduced by such a magnificent, and, at the same time, formidable avenue to the presence of their enemies, the inhabitants of these tremendous mountains, into whose recesses they were penetrating. But besides the effect produced on their minds by the magnificence of natural scenery, to which they were wholly unaccustomed, the consideration must have hung heavy on them, that if a General of Dundee's talents suffered them to march unopposed through a pass so difficult, it must be because he was conscious of possessing strength sufficient to attack and destroy them at the further extremity, when their only retreat would lie through the narrow and perilous path by which they were now advancing.

Mid-day was past ere MacKay's men were extricated from the defile, when their general drew them up in one line three deep, without any reserve, along the southern extremity of the narrow valley into which the pass opens. A hill on the north side of the valley, covered with dwarf

trees and bushes, formed the position of Dundee's army, which, divided into columns, formed by the different clans, was greatly outflanked by MacKay's troops.

The armies shouted when they came in sight of each other; but the enthusiasm of MacKay's soldiers being damped by the circumstances we have observed, their military shout made but a dull and sullen sound compared to the yell of the Highlanders, which rang far and shrill from all the hills around them. Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel called on those around him to attend to this circumstance, saying, that in all his battles he observed victory had ever been on the side of those whose shout before joining seemed most sprightly and confident. It was accounted a less favourable augury by some of the old Highlanders that Dundee at this moment, to render his person less distinguishable, put on a sad-coloured buff-coat above the scarlet cassock and bright cuirass in which he had hitherto appeared.

It was some time ere Dundee had completed his preparations for the assault which he meditated, and only a few dropping shots were exchanged, while, in order to prevent the risk of being outflanked, he increased the intervals between the columns with which he designed to charge, insomuch that he had scarce men enough left in the centre. About an hour before sunset, he sent word to MacKay that he was about to attack him, and gave the signal to charge.

The Highlanders stript themselves to their shirts and doublets, threw away everything that could impede the fury of their onset, and then put themselves in motion, accompanying with a dreadful yell the discordant sound of their war-pipes. As they advanced, the clansmen fired their pieces, each column thus pouring in a well-aimed though irregular volley, then throwing down their fusees, without waiting to reload, they drew their swords, and increasing

their pace to the utmost speed, pierced through and broke the thin line which was opposed to them, and profited by their superior activity and the nature of their weapons to make a great havoc among the regular troops. When thus mingled with each other, hand to hand, the advantages of superior discipline on the part of the Lowland soldier were lost—agility and strength were on the side of the mountaineers. Some accounts of the battle give a terrific account of the blows struck by the Highlanders, which cleft heads down to the breast, cut steel headpieces asunder as night-caps, and slashed through pikes like willows. Two of MacKay's English regiments in the centre stood fast, the interval between the attacking columns being so great that none were placed opposite to them. The rest of King William's army were totally routed and driven headlong into the river.

Dundee himself, contrary to the advice of the Highland chiefs, was in front of the battle, and fatally conspicuous. By a desperate attack he possessed himself of MacKay's artillery, and then led his handful of cavalry, about fifty men, against two troops of horse, which fled without fighting. Observing the stand made by the two English regiments already mentioned, he galloped towards the clan of MacDonald, and was in the act of bringing them to the charge, with his right arm elevated, as if pointing the way to victory, when he was struck by a bullet beneath the arm-pit, where he was unprotected by his cuirass. He tried to ride on, but being unable to keep the saddle, fell mortally wounded, and died in the course of the night.

It was impossible for a victory to be more complete than that gained by the Highlanders at Killiecrankie. The cannon, baggage, the stores of MacKay's army, fell into their hands. The two regiments which kept their ground suffered so much in their attempt to retreat through the pass,

now occupied by the Athole-men, in their rear, that they might be considered as destroyed. Two thousand of MacKay's army were killed or taken, and the General himself escaped with difficulty to Stirling, at the head of a few horse. The Highlanders, whose dense columns, as they came down to the attack, underwent three successive volleys from MacKay's line, had eight hundred men slain.

But all other losses were unimportant compared to that of Dundee, with whom were forfeited all the fruits of that bloody victory. MacKay, when he found himself free from pursuit, declared his conviction that his opponent had fallen in the battle. And such was the opinion of Dundee's talents and courage, and the general sense of the peculiar crisis at which his death took place, that the common people of the low country cannot, even now, be persuaded that he died an ordinary death. They say, that a servant of his own, shocked at the severities which, if triumphant, his master was likely to accomplish against the Presbyterians, and giving way to the popular prejudice of his having a charm against the effect of lead balls, shot him, in the tumult of the battle, with a silver button taken from his livery coat. The Jacobites, and Episcopal party, on the other hand, lamented the deceased victor as the last of the Scots, the last of the Grahams, and the last of all that was great in his native country.

IX.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

SCOTT.

[All resistance ceased with the death of Dundee, and the clans submitted to William. But the triumph of the Government was sullied by a terrible crime. One small clan, the MacDonalds of Glencoe, failed to give in their submission by the appointed day, and as they had long been hostile, the Secretary for Scotch Affairs, Dalrymple, resolved to take this opportunity of putting them to the sword. His plan was carried out with a treachery equal to its cruelty.]

THIS clan inhabited a valley formed by the river Coe, or Cona, which falls into Lochleven, not far from the head of Loch Etive. It is distinguished, even in that wild country, by the sublimity of the mountains, rocks, and precipices, in which it lies buried. The minds of men are formed by their habitations. The MacDonalds of the Glen were not very numerous, seldom mustering above two hundred armed men : but they were bold and daring to a proverb, confident in the strength of their country, and in the protection and support of their kindred tribes, the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, and others of that powerful name. They also lay near the possessions of the Campbells, to whom, owing to the predatory habits to which they were especially addicted, they were very bad neighbours, so that blood had at different times been spilt between them.

Before the end of January a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon,

approached Glencoe. MacIan's[1] sons went out to meet them with a body of men, to demand whether they came as friends or foes. The officer replied that they came as friends, being sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, in order to relieve the garrison of Fort William, which was crowded with soldiers. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them, and they resided for fifteen days amongst the unsuspecting Mac-Donalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility. That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time with those of humanity and hospitality, you are to understand that Alister MacDonald, one of the sons of MacIan, was married to a niece of Glen-lyon, who commanded the party of soldiers. It appears also that the intended cruelty was to be exercised upon defenceless men: for the MacDonalds, though afraid of no other ill-treatment from their military guests, had supposed it possible the soldiers might have a commission to disarm them, and therefore had sent their weapons to a distance, where they might be out of reach of seizure.

Glenlyon's party had remained in Glencoe for fourteen or fifteen days, when he received orders from his commanding officer, Major Duncanson, expressed in a manner which shows him to have been the worthy agent of the cruel Secretary.

This letter reached Glenlyon soon after it was written; and he lost no time in carrying the dreadful mandate into execution. In the interval, he did not abstain from any of those acts of familiarity which had lulled asleep the suspicions of his victims. He took his morning draught, as had been his practice every day since he came to the glen, at the house of Alister MacDonald, MacIan's second son, who

[1] *The chief of the clan.*

was married to his (Glenlyon's) niece. He, and two of his officers, named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from MacIan himself for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. To complete the sum of treachery, Glenlyon played at cards in his own quarters with the sons of MacIan, John and Alister, both of whom were also destined for slaughter.

About four o'clock in the morning of the 13th of February the scene of blood began. A party, commanded by one of the Lindsays, came to MacIan's house and knocked for admittance, which was at once given. Lindsay, one of the expected guests at the family meal of the day, commanded this party, who instantly shot MacIan dead by his own bedside, as he was in the act of dressing himself, and giving orders for refreshments to be provided for his fatal visitors. His aged wife was stripped by the savage soldiery, who at the same time drew off the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth. She died the next day, distracted with grief, and the brutal treatment she had received. Several domestics and clansmen were killed at the same place.

The two sons of the aged chieftain had not been altogether so confident as their father respecting the peaceful and friendly purpose of their guests. They observed, on the evening preceding the massacre, that the sentinels were doubled and the mainguard strengthened. John, the elder brother, had even overheard the soldiers muttering among themselves that they cared not about fighting the men of the glen fairly, but did not like the nature of the service they were engaged in; while others consoled themselves with the military logic, that their officers must be answerable for the orders given, they having no choice save to obey them. Alarmed with what had been thus observed and heard, the young men hastened to Glenlyon's quarters, where they

found that officer and his men preparing their arms. On questioning him about these suspicious appearances, Glenlyon accounted for them by a story that he was bound on an expedition against some of Glengarry's men; and alluding to the circumstance of their alliance, which made his own cruelty more detestable, he added, "If anything evil had been intended, would I not have told Alister and my niece?"

Reassured by this communication, the young men retired to rest, but were speedily awakened by an old domestic, who called on the two brothers to rise and fly for their lives. "Is it time for you," he said, "to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" Thus roused, they hurried out in great terror, and heard throughout the glen, wherever there was a place of human habitation, the shouts of the murderers, the report of the muskets, the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. By their perfect knowledge of the scarce accessible cliffs amongst which they dwelt, they were enabled to escape observation, and fled to the southern access of the glen.

Meantime the work of death proceeded with as little remorse as Stair himself could have desired. Even the slight mitigation of their orders respecting those above seventy years was disregarded by the soldiery in their indiscriminate thirst for blood, and several very aged and bedridden persons were slain amongst others. At the hamlet where Glenlyon had his own quarters, nine men, including his landlord, were bound and shot like felons; and one of them, MacDonald of Auchintriaten, had General Hill's passport in his pocket at the time. A fine lad of twenty had, by some glimpse of compassion on the part of the soldiers, been spared, when one Captain Drummond came up, and demanding why the orders were transgressed in that particular, caused him instantly to be put to death. A boy of five or six years old clung to Glenlyon's knees, entreating

for mercy, and offering to become his servant for life if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but the same Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk, while he was in this agony of supplication.

At a place called Auchnaion one Barber, a sergeant, with a party of soldiers, fired on a group of nine MacDonalds, as they were assembled round their morning fire, and killed four of them. The owner of the house, a brother of the slain Auchintriaten, escaped unhurt, and expressed a wish to be put to death rather in the open air than within the house. "For your bread which I have eaten," answered Barber, "I will grant the request." MacDonald was dragged to the door accordingly; but he was an active man, and when the soldiers were presenting their firelocks to shoot him, he cast his plaid over their faces, and taking advantage of the confusion, broke from them, and escaped up the glen.

The alarm being now general, many other persons, male and female, attempted their escape in the same manner as the two sons of MacIan and the person last mentioned. Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors, the half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sunk to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender mercies compared to the cruelty of their persecutors. The great fall of snow, which proved fatal to several of the fugitives, was the means of saving the remnant that escaped. Major Duncanson, agreeably to the plan expressed in his orders to Glenlyon, had not failed to put himself in motion, with four hundred men, on the evening preceding the slaughter; and had he reached the eastern passes out of Glencoe by four in the morning as he

calculated, he must have intercepted and destroyed all those who took that only way of escape from Glenlyon and his followers. But as this reinforcement arrived so late as eleven in the forenoon, they found no MacDonald alive in Glencoe, save an old man of eighty, whom they slew; and after burning such houses as were yet unconsumed, they collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison of Fort William.

Thus ended this horrible deed of massacre. The number of persons murdered was thirty-eight; those who escaped might amount to a hundred and fifty males, who, with the women and children of the tribe, had to fly more than twelve miles through rocks and wildernesses, ere they could reach any place of safety or shelter.

X.

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

GREEN.

[The accession of William to the throne was followed by a great struggle with France, which was now striving to gain a supremacy over the whole of Europe. The war, which ended with the peace of Ryswick, was again reopened by an attempt to make the French virtually masters of Spain and its dominions; and William, who was dying, begged his successor, Queen Anne, to entrust the English army to John Churchill, Earl of Marlborough. Churchill had been a finished and unscrupulous courtier under the Stuarts; he now showed himself the greatest general England has ever produced.]

THE new general[1] hastened to the Hague, received the command of the Dutch as well as of the English forces,

[1] *Marlborough.*

and drew the German powers into the Confederacy with a skill and adroitness which even William[2] might have envied. Never was greatness more quickly recognised than in the case of Marlborough. In a few months he was regarded by all as the guiding spirit of the Alliance, and princes whose jealousy had worn out the patience of William yielded without a struggle to the counsels of his successor. The temper, indeed, of Marlborough fitted him in an especial way to be the head of a great confederacy. Like William he owed little of his power to any early training. The trace of his neglected education was seen to the last in his reluctance to write. "Of all things," he said to his wife, "I do not love writing." To pen a despatch indeed was a far greater trouble to him than to plan a campaign. But nature had given him qualities which in other men spring specially from culture. His capacity for business was immense. During the next ten years he assumed the general direction of the war in Flanders and in Spain. He managed every negotiation with the courts of the allies. He watched over the shifting phases of English politics. He had to cross the Channel to win over Anne to a change in the Cabinet, or to hurry to Berlin to secure the due contingent of Electoral troops from Brandenburg. At the same moment he was reconciling the Emperor with the Protestants of Hungary, stirring the Calvinists of the Cevennes into revolt, arranging the affairs of Portugal, and providing for the protection of the Duke of Savoy. But his air showed no trace of fatigue or haste or vexation. He retained to the last the indolent grace of his youth. His natural dignity was never ruffled by an outbreak of temper. Amidst the storm of battle men saw him, "without fear of danger or in the least hurry, giving his orders with all the calmness

[2] *William the Third.*

imaginable." In the cabinet he was as cool as on the battle-field. He met with the same equable serenity the pettiness of the German princes, the phlegm of the Dutch, the ignorant opposition of his officers, the libels of his political opponents. There was a touch of irony in the simple expedients by which he sometimes solved problems which had baffled Cabinets. The King of Prussia was one of the most vexatious among the allies, but all difficulty with him ceased when Marlborough rose at a state banquet and handed to him a napkin.

Churchill's composure rested partly indeed on a pride which could not stoop to bare the real self within to the eyes of meaner men. In the bitter moments before his fall he bade Godolphin burn some querulous letters which the persecution of his opponents had wrung from him. "My desire is that the world may continue in their error of thinking me a happy man, for I think it better to be envied than pitied." But in great measure it sprang from the purely intellectual temper of his mind. His passion for his wife was the one sentiment which tinged the colourless light in which his understanding moved. In all else he was without love or hate, he knew neither doubt nor regret. In private life he was a humane and compassionate man; but if his position required it he could betray Englishmen to death in his negotiations with St. Germains, or lead his army to a butchery such as that of Malplaquet. Of honour or the finer sentiments of mankind he knew nothing; and he turned without a shock from guiding Europe and winning great victories to heap up a matchless fortune by peculation and greed. He is perhaps the only instance of a man of real greatness who loved money for money's sake. The passions which stirred the men around him, whether noble or ignoble, were to him simply elements in an intellectual problem which had to be solved by

patience. "Patience will overcome all things," he writes again and again. "As I think most things are governed by destiny, having done all things we should submit with patience."

As a statesman the high qualities of Marlborough were owned by his bitterest foes. "Over the Confederacy," says Bolingbroke, "he, a new, a private man, acquired by merit and management a more decided influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William." But great as he was in the council, he was even greater in the field. He stands alone amongst the masters of the art of war as a captain whose victories began at an age when the work of most men is done. Though he served as a young officer under Turenne and for a few months in Ireland and the Netherlands, he had held no great command till he took the field in Flanders at the age of fifty-two. He stands alone, too, in his unbroken good fortune. Voltaire notes that he never besieged a fortress which he did not take, or fought a battle which he did not win. His difficulties came not from the enemy, but from the ignorance and timidity of his own allies. He was never defeated on the field; but victory after victory was snatched from him by the incapacity of his officers, or the stubbornness of the Dutch. In his second campaign of 1703, as in his earlier campaign of the preceding year, his hopes were foiled by the deputies of the State-General. Serene as his temper was, it broke down before their refusal to co-operate in an attack on Antwerp and French Flanders; and the prayers of Godolphin and of the pensionary Heinsius[3] alone induced him to withdraw his offer of resignation. But in spite of victories on the Danube, the blunders of his adversaries on the Rhine, and the sudden aid of an insurrection which broke out in Hungary, the difficulties of Lewis[4] were hourly increasing.

[3] *The two leading ministers of England and Holland.*
[4] *Lewis the Fourteenth*

The accession of Savoy to the Grand Alliance[5] threatened his armies in Italy with destruction. That of Portugal gave the allies a base of operations against Spain. His energy however rose with the pressure, and while the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James the Second, was despatched against Portugal, and three small armies closed round Savoy, the flower of the French troops joined the army of Bavaria on the Danube, for the bold plan of Lewis was to decide the fortunes of the war by a victory which would wrest peace from the Empire under the walls of Vienna.

The master-stroke of Lewis roused Marlborough at the opening of 1704 to a master-stroke in return; but the secrecy and boldness of the Duke's plans deceived both his enemies and his allies. The French army in Flanders saw in his march upon Maintz only a transfer of the war into Elsass. The Dutch were lured into suffering their troops to be drawn as far from Flanders as Coblentz by proposals of a campaign on the Moselle. It was only when Marlborough crossed the Neckar and struck through the heart of Germany for the Danube that the true aim of his operations was revealed. After struggling through the hill country of Würtemberg, he joined the Imperial army under the Prince of Baden, stormed the heights of Donauwörth, crossed the Danube and the Lech, and penetrated into the heart of Bavaria. The crisis drew the two armies which were facing one another on the Upper Rhine to the scene. The arrival of Marshal Tallard with thirty thousand French troops saved the Elector of Bavaria for the moment from the need of submission. But the junction of his opponent, Prince Eugene,[6] with Marlborough, raised the contending forces again to an equality; and after a few marches the armies met on the north bank of the Danube near the little town of Hochstädt and the village

[5] *The league of the states opposed to Lewis was called the Grand Alliance.* [6] *The commander of the Austrian army.*

of Blindheim or Blenheim, which have given their names to the battle.

In one respect the struggle which followed stands almost unrivalled in history, for the whole of the Teutonic race was represented in the strange medley of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, Danes, Würtembergers and Austrians who followed Marlborough and Eugene. The French and Bavarians who numbered, like their opponents, some fifty thousand men, lay behind a little stream which ran through swampy ground to the Danube. The position was a strong one, for the front was covered by the swamp, its right by the Danube, its left by the hill country in which the stream rose, and Tallard had not only entrenched himself, but was far superior to his rival in artillery. But for once Marlborough's hands were free. "I have great reason," he wrote calmly home, "to hope that everything will go well, for I have the pleasure to find all the officers willing to obey without knowing any other reason than that it is my desire, which is very different from what it was in Flanders, where I was obliged to have the consent of a council of war for everything I undertook." So formidable were the obstacles, however, that though the allies were in motion at sunrise on the 2nd of August, it was not till midday that Eugene, who commanded on the right, succeeded in crossing the stream. The English foot at once forded it on the left and attacked the village of Blindheim in which the bulk of the French infantry were entrenched, but after a furious struggle the attack was repulsed, while as gallant a resistance at the other end of the line held Eugene in check. The centre, however, which the French believed to be unassailable, had been chosen by Marlborough for the chief point of attack, and by making an artificial road across the morass he was at last enabled to throw his eight thousand horsemen on the French horse which lay covered

by it. Two desperate charges, which the Duke headed in person, decided the day. The French centre was flung back on the Danube and forced to surrender. Their left fell back in confusion on Hochstädt; their right, cooped up in Blindheim and cut off from retreat, became prisoners of war. Of the defeated army only twenty thousand escaped. Twelve thousand were slain, fourteen thousand were captured. Germany was finally freed from the French, and Marlborough, who followed the wreck of the French host in its flight to Elsass, soon made himself master of the Lower Moselle. But the loss of France could not be measured by men or fortresses. A hundred victories since Rocroi had taught the world to regard the French army as invincible, when Blenheim and the surrender of the flower of the French soldiery broke the spell. From that moment the terror of victory passed to the side of the allies, and "Malbrook" became a name of fear to every child in France.

XI.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

MACAULAY.

[The victories of Marlborough at last forced France to abandon her schemes of ambition; but an intrigue drove the great general from England till the death of Anne. Her successor, George the First, was an Elector of Hanover, descended, through his mother, from James the First, and the nearest Protestant heir to the crown. His throne, like that of his son, George the Second, was threatened by the Jacobites, or adherents of the exiled family of James the Second. The son and grandson of James, who were known as the Old and Young Pretenders, both made fruitless attempts to raise revolts against

the Hanoverian kings. What really secured the power of the Georges was the general content of the people with the good government of their great minister, Sir Robert Walpole.]

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE had, undoubtedly, great talents and great virtues. He was not indeed like the leaders of the party which opposed his government, a brilliant orator. He was not a profound scholar, like Carteret, or a wit and a fine gentleman like Chesterfield. In all these respects his deficiencies were remarkable. His literature consisted of a scrap or two of Horace and an anecdote or two from the end of the Dictionary. His knowledge of history was so limited that, in the great debate on the Excise Bill, he was forced to ask Attorney-General Yorke who Empson and Dudley[1] were. His manners were a little too coarse and boisterous even for that age of Westerns and Topehalls. When he ceased to talk of politics, he could talk of nothing but women; and he dilated on his favourite theme with a freedom which shocked even that plain-spoken generation, and which was quite unsuited to his age and station. The noisy revelry of his summer festivities at Houghton gave much scandal to grave people and annually drove his kinsman and colleague, Lord Townshend, from the neighbouring mansion of Rainham.

But however ignorant Walpole might be of general history and of general literature, he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know—mankind, the English nation, the court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury. Of foreign affairs he knew little; but his judgement was so good that his little knowledge went very far. He was an excellent parliamentary debater, an excellent parliamentary tactician, an excellent man of business. No man ever brought more industry or more

[1] *The extortionate ministers of Henry the Seventh.*

method to the transacting of affairs. No minister in his time did so much; yet no minister had so much leisure.

He was a good-natured man, who had during thirty years seen nothing but the worst parts of human nature in other men. He was familiar with the malice of kind people, and the perfidy of honourable people. Proud men had licked the dust before him. Patriots[2] had begged him to come up to the price of their puffed and advertised integrity. He said after his fall that it was a dangerous thing to be a minister, that there were few minds which would not be injured by the constant spectacle of meanness and depravity. To his honour it must be confessed that few minds have come out of such a trial so little damaged in the most important parts. He retired, after more than twenty years of supreme power, with a temper not soured, with a heart not hardened, with simple tastes, with frank manners, and with a capacity for friendship. No stain of treachery, of ingratitude, or of cruelty rests on his memory. Factious hatred, while flinging on his name every other foul aspersion, was compelled to own that he was not a man of blood. This would scarcely seem a high eulogium on a statesman of our times. It was then a rare and honourable distinction. The contests of parties in England had long been carried on with a ferocity unworthy of a civilised people. Sir Robert Walpole was the minister who gave to our government that character of lenity which it has since generally preserved. It was perfectly known to him that many of his opponents had dealings with the Pretender. The lives of some were at his mercy. He wanted neither Whig nor Tory precedents for using his advantage unsparingly. But with a clemency to which posterity has never done justice, he suffered himself to be thwarted, vilified, and at last overthrown by a party which included many men whose necks were in his power.

[2] *The opponents of Walpole took the name of "patriots."*

That he practised corruption [3] on a large scale is, we think indisputable. But whether he deserves all the invectives which have been uttered against him on that account may be questioned. The Parliament could not go on unless the Parliament could be kept in order. And how was the Parliament to be kept in order? Three hundred years ago it would have been enough for a statesman to have the support of the crown. It would now, we hope and believe, be enough for him to enjoy the confidence and approbation of the great body of the middle class. A hundred years ago it would not have been enough to have both crown and people on his side. The Parliament had shaken off the control of the royal prerogative. It had not yet fallen under the control of public opinion. A large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest, in the lowest sense of the word. Under these circumstances the country could be governed only by corruption. Bolingbroke, who was the ablest and most vehement of those who raised the clamour against corruption had no better remedy to propose than that the royal prerogative should be strengthened. The remedy would, no doubt, have been efficient. The only question is, whether it would not have been worse than the disease. The fault was in the constitution of the legislature; and to blame those ministers who managed the legislature in the only way in which it could be managed is gross injustice. They submitted to extortion because they could not help themselves. We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers who paid black mail to Rob Roy of corrupting the virtue of the Highlanders, as accuse Sir Robert Walpole of corrupting the virtue of Parliament. His crime was merely this, that he employed his money more dexterously, and got more support in return for it than any of

[3] *Bribery of members of parliament.*

those who preceded or followed him. He was himself incorruptible by money. His dominant passion was the love of power; and the heaviest charge which can be brought against him is that to this passion he never scrupled to sacrifice the interests of his country.

One of the maxims, which, as his son tells us, he was most in the habit of repeating, was, *quieta non movere.*[4] It was indeed the maxim by which he generally regulated his public conduct. It is the maxim of a man more solicitous to hold power long than to use it well. It is remarkable that, though he was at the head of affairs during more than twenty years, not one great measure, not one important change for the better or for the worse in any part of our institutions marks the period of his supremacy. Nor was this because he did not clearly see that many changes were very desirable. He had been brought up in the school of toleration, at the feet of Somers and of Burnet. He disliked the shameful laws against Dissenters. But he never could be induced to bring forward a proposition for repealing them. The sufferers represented to him the injustice with which they were treated, boasted of their firm attachment to the House of Brunswick[5] and to the Whig party, and reminded him of his own repeated declaration of good will to their cause. He listened, assented, promised, and did nothing. At length the question was brought forward by others, and the minister after a hesitating and evasive speech voted against it. The truth was that he remembered to the latest day of his life that terrible explosion of high-church feeling which the foolish prosecution of a foolish parson had occasioned in the days of Queen Anne. If the Dissenters had been turbulent he would probably have relieved them: but while he apprehended no danger from them, he would not run the slightest risk for their sake.

[4] "*Let things alone.*" [5] *The line of the Hanoverian kings.*

He acted in the same manner with respect to other questions. He knew the state of the Scotch Highlands. He was constantly predicting another insurrection in that part of the empire. Yet, during his long tenure of power, he never attempted to perform what was then the most obvious and pressing duty of a British statesman, to break the power of the chiefs, and to establish the authority of law through the furthest corners of the island. Nobody knew better than he that, if this were not done, great mischiefs would follow. He was content to meet daily emergencies by daily expedients; and he left the rest to his successors. They had to conquer the Highlands in the midst of a war with France and Spain, because he had not regulated the Highlands in a time of profound peace.

Sometimes, in spite of all his caution, he found that measures which he had hoped to carry through quietly had caused great agitation. When this was the case he generally modified or withdrew them. It was thus that he cancelled Wood's patent in compliance with the absurd outcry of the Irish. It was thus that he frittered away the Porteous Bill[6] to nothing, for fear of exasperating the Scotch. It was thus that he abandoned the Excise Bill, as soon as he found that it was offensive to all the great towns of England. The language which he held about that measure in a subsequent session is strikingly characteristic. Pulteney had insinuated that the scheme would be again brought forward. "As to the wicked scheme," said Walpole, "as the gentleman is pleased to call it, which he would persuade gentlemen is not yet laid aside, I, for my part, assure this House I am not so mad as ever again to engage in anything that looks like an Excise; though in my private opinion, I still think

[6] *A bill for inflicting on Edinburgh the punishment due to rioters who had murdered Captain Porteous in the streets.*

it was a scheme that would have tended very much to the interest of the nation."

The conduct of Walpole with regard to the Spanish war[7] is the great blemish of his public life. "Did the administration of Walpole," says his biographer, "present any uniform principle which may be traced in every part, and which gave combination and consistency to the whole? Yes, and that principle was THE LOVE OF PEACE." It would be difficult, we think, to bestow a higher eulogium on any statesman. But the eulogium is far too high for the merits of Walpole. The great ruling principle of his public conduct was indeed a love of peace, but not in the sense in which his biographer uses the phrase. The peace which Walpole sought was not the peace of the country, but the peace of his own administration. During the greater part of his public life, indeed, the two objects were inseparably connected. At length he was reduced to the necessity of choosing between them, of plunging the State into hostilities for which there was no just ground, and by which nothing was to be got, or of facing a violent opposition in the country, in Parliament, and even in the royal closet. No person was more thoroughly convinced than he of the absurdity of the cry against Spain. But his darling power was at stake, and his choice was soon made. He preferred an unjust war to a stormy session. It is impossible to say of a minister who acted thus that the love of peace was the one grand principle to which all his conduct is to be referred. The governing principle of his conduct was neither love of peace nor love of war, but love of power.

The praise to which he is fairly entitled is this, that he understood the true interest of his country better than any

[7] *At the close of Walpole's rule ill-will sprang up between England and Spain; and Walpole, though conscious of the inexpediency of the war, yielded to the popular outcry.*

of his contemporaries, and that he pursued that interest whenever it was not incompatible with the interest of his own intense and grasping ambition.

XII.

BATTLE OF PRESTON PANS.

SCOTT.

Under Walpole England gradually learned what freedom really meant. Men enjoyed personal as well as political liberty; justice was fairly administered; while the long peace enabled the country to develop new sources of commercial and industrial wealth. It was this that rendered it deaf to the call of the young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, when he landed in Scotland in 1745. Only the wild clans of the Highlands joined him. But their successes were at first amazing. The young Prince occupied Edinburgh, and boldly advanced on the royal force which lay at Preston Pans. In the early morning he determined to attack it by crossing a morass which protected its flank.]

THE whole of the Highland army got under arms, and moved forward with incredible silence and celerity by the path proposed. A point of precedence was now to be settled, characteristic of the Highlanders. The tribe of MacDonalds, though divided into various families, and serving under various chiefs, still reckoned on their common descent from the great Lords of the Isles, in virtue of which, they claimed, as the post of honour, the right of the whole Highland army in the day of action. This was disputed by some of the other clans, and it was agreed they should cast lots about this point of precedence. Fortune gave it to the Camerons and Stewarts, which was murmured at by the numerous Clan-Colla, the generic name for the MacDonalds.

The sagacity of Lochiel induced the other chiefs to resign for the day a point on which they were likely to be tenacious. The precedence was yielded to the MacDonalds accordingly, and the first line of the Highlanders moved off their ground by the left flank, in order that the favoured tribe might take the post of honour.

Anderson guided the first line. He found the pathway silent and deserted; it winded to the north-east, down a sort of hollow, which at length brought them to the eastern extremity of the plain, at the west end of which the regular army was stationed, with its left flank to the assailants. No guns had been placed to enfilade this important pass, though there was a deserted embrasure which showed that the measure had been in contemplation; neither was there a sentinel or patrol to observe the motions of the Highlanders in that direction. On reaching the firm ground, the column advanced due northward across the plain, in order to take ground for wheeling up and forming line of battle. The Prince marched at the head of the second column, and close in the rear of the first. The morass was now rendered difficult by the passage of so many men. Some of the Highlanders sunk knee-deep, and the Prince himself stumbled, and fell upon one knee. The morning was now dawning, but a thick frosty mist still hid the motions of the Highlanders. The sound of their march could, however, no longer be concealed, and an alarm-gun was fired as a signal for Cope's[1] army to get under arms.

Aware that the Highlanders had completely turned his left flank, and were now advancing from the eastward along a level and open plain, without interruption of any kind, Sir John Cope hastened to dispose his troops to receive them. Though probably somewhat surprised, the English general altered the disposition which he had made along the morass,

[1] *Sir John Cope commanded the royal army.*

and formed anew, having the walls of Preston-park, and that of Bankton, the seat of Colonel Gardiner, close in the rear of his army; his left flank extended towards the sea, his right rested upon the morass which had lately been in his front. His order of battle was now extended from north to south, having the east in front. In other respects the disposition was the same as already mentioned, his infantry forming his centre, and on each wing a regiment of horse. By some crowding in of the piquets, room enough was not left for Gardiner's corps to make a full front upon the right wing, so that one squadron was drawn up in the rear of the other. The artillery was also placed before this regiment, a disposition which the colonel is said to have remonstrated against, having too much reason to doubt the steadiness of the horses, as well as of the men who composed the corps. There was no attention paid to his remonstrances, nor was there time to change the disposition.

The Highlanders had no sooner advanced so far to the northward as to extricate the rear of the column from the passage across the morass, and place the whole on open ground, than they wheeled to the left, and formed a line of three men deep. This thin long line they quickly broke up into a number of small masses or phalanxes, each according to their peculiar tactics containing an individual clan, which disposed themselves for battle in the manner following. The best-born men of the tribe, who were also the best armed, and had almost all targets, threw themselves in front of the regiment. The followers closed on the rear, and forced the front forward by their weight. After a brief prayer, which was never omitted, the bonnets were pulled over the brows, the pipers blew the signal, and the line of clans rushed forward, each forming a separate wedge.

These preparations were made with such despatch on both wings, that the respective aides-de-camp of the Duke

of Perth and Lord George Murray[2] met in the centre, each bringing news that his general was ready to charge. The whole front line accordingly moved forward, and, as they did so, the sun broke out, and the mist rose from the ground like the curtain of a theatre. It showed to the Highlanders the line of regular troops drawn up in glittering array like a complete hedge of steel, and at the same time displayed to Cope's soldiers the furious torrent, which, subdivided into such a number of columns, or rather small masses, advanced with a cry which gradually swelled into a hideous yell, and became intermingled with an irregular but well-directed fire, the mountaineers presenting their pieces as they ran, dropping them when discharged, and rushing on to close conflict sword in hand. The events of the preceding night had created among the regulars an apprehension of their opponents, not usual to English soldiers. General Cope's tactics displayed a fear of the enemy rather than a desire to engage him: and now this dreaded foe, having selected his own point of advantage, was coming down on them in all his terrors, with a mode of attack unusually furious, and unknown to modern war.

There was but an instant to think of these things, for this was almost the moment of battle. But such thoughts were of a nature which produce their effect in an instant, and they added to the ferocity of the Highlanders, while they struck dismay into their opponents. The old seamen and gunners, who had been employed to serve the artillery on the right wing, showed the first symptoms of panic, and fled from the guns they had undertaken to work, carrying with them the priming flasks. Colonel Whitefoord, who had joined Cope's army as a volunteer, fired five of the guns on the advancing Highlanders, and, keeping his ground while all fled around him, was with difficulty saved from the

[2] *Two generals under Charles Edward.*

fury of the Camerons and Stewarts, who, running straight on the muzzles of the cannon, actually stormed the battery. The regiment of dragoons being drawn up, as has been said, in two lines, the foremost squadron, under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, having received orders to advance, were, like the gunners, seized with a panic, dispersed under the fire of the Highlanders, and went off without even an attempt to charge, riding down the artillery guard in their flight. The rearmost squadron, commanded by Gardiner, might, if steady, have yet altered the fate of the day, by charging the Highlanders when disordered with attacking the guns. Gardiner, accordingly, commanded them to advance and charge, encouraging them by his voice and example to rush upon the confused masses before them. But those to whom he spoke were themselves disordered at the rapid advance of the enemy, and disturbed by the waving of plaids, the brandishing and gleaming of broad-swords and battle-axes, the rattle of the dropping fire, and the ferocious cry of the combatants. They made a feint to advance, in obedience to the word of command, but almost instantly halted, when first the rear-rank went off by four or five files at a time, and then the front dispersed in like manner; none maintaining their ground, except about a score of determined men, who were resolved to stand or fall with their commander.

On Cope's left, the cause of King George was not more prosperous. Hamilton's dragoons receiving a heavy rolling fire from the MacDonalds as they advanced, broke up in the same manner, and almost at the same moment, with Gardiner's, and scattering in every direction, left the field of blood, galloping some from the enemy, some, in the recklessness of their terror, past the enemy, and some almost through them. The dispersion was complete, and the disorder irretrievable. They fled west, east, and south,

and it was only the broad sea which prevented them from flying to the north also, and making every point of the compass witness to their rout.

Meantime, the infantry, though both their flanks were uncovered by the flight of the dragoons, received the centre of the Highland line with a steady and regular fire, which cost the insurgents several men,—among others, James MacGregor, a son of the famous Rob Roy, fell, having received five wounds, two of them from balls that pierced through his body. He commanded a company of the Duke of Perth's regiment, armed chiefly with the straightened scythes already mentioned, a weapon not unlike the old English bill. He was so little daunted by his wounds, as to raise himself on his elbow, calling to his men to advance bravely, and swearing he would see if any should misbehave.

In fact, the first line of the Highlanders were not an instant checked by the fire of the musketry; for, charging with all the energy of victory, they parried the bayonets of the soldiers with their targets, and the deep clumps, or masses, into which the clans were formed, penetrated and broke, in several points, the extended and thin lines of the regulars. At the same moment, Lochiel attacking the infantry on the left, and Clanranald on the right flank, both exposed by the flight of the dragoons, they were unavoidably and irretrievably routed. It was now perceived that Sir John Cope had committed an important error in drawing up his forces in front of a high park-wall, which barred their escape from their light-heeled enemies. Fortunately there had been breaches made in the wall, which permitted some few soldiers to escape; but most of them had the melancholy choice of death or submission. A few fought, and fell bravely. Colonel Gardiner was in the act of encouraging a small platoon of infantry, which continued firing, when he was cut down by a Highlander, with one of

those scythes which have been repeatedly mentioned. The greater part of the foot soldiers then laid down their arms, after a few minutes' resistance.

XIII.

WHITFIELD AND WESLEY.

GREEN.

[His victory at Preston Pans encouraged Charles Edward to advance into England; but no one joined him, and falling back on Scotland he was finally routed at Culloden. With his attempt ended all hope of overthrowing the Hanoverian throne by force of arms. Men began to forget Jacobitism in the larger interests of the time. Wealth grew fast, population increased, a new literature, sprang up, above all England was stirred by a new revival of religion.]

THE revival began in a small knot of Oxford students, whose revolt against the religious deadness of their times showed itself in ascetic observances, an enthusiastic devotion, and a methodical regularity of life which gained them the nickname of "Methodists." Three figures detached themselves from the group as soon as, on its transfer to London in 1738, it attracted public attention by the fervour and even extravagance of its piety; and each found his special work in the great task to which the instinct of the new movement led it from the first, that of carrying religion and morality to the vast masses of population which lay concentrated in the towns or around the mines and collieries of Cornwall and the north. Whitfield, a servitor of Pembroke College, was above all the preacher of the revival. Speech was governing English politics; and the religious power of speech was shown when a dread of "enthusiasm"

closed against the new apostles the pulpits of the Established Church, and forced them to preach in the fields. Their voice was soon heard in the wildest and most barbarous corners of the land, among the bleak moors of Northumberland, or in the dens of London, or in the long galleries where the Cornish miner hears in the pauses of his labour the sobbing of the sea. Whitfield's preaching was such as England had never heard before, theatrical, extravagant, often commonplace, but hushing all criticism by its intense reality, its earnestness of belief, its deep tremulous sympathy with the sin and sorrow of mankind. It was no common enthusiast who could wring gold from the close-fisted Franklin and admiration from the fastidious Horace Walpole, or who could look down from the top of a green knoll at Kingswood on twenty thousand colliers, grimy from the Bristol coal-pits, and see as he preached the tears "making white channels down their blackened cheeks."

On the rough and ignorant masses to whom they spoke the effect of Whitfield and his fellow Methodists was terrible both for good and ill. Their preaching stirred a passionate hatred in their opponents. Their lives were often in danger, they were mobbed, they were ducked, they were stoned, they were smothered with filth. But the enthusiasm they aroused was equally passionate. Women fell down in convulsions; strong men were smitten suddenly to the earth; the preacher was interrupted by bursts of hysteric laughter or of hysteric sobbing. All the phenomena of strong spiritual excitement, so familiar now, but at that time strange and unknown, followed on their sermons; and the terrible sense of a conviction of sin, a new dread of hell, a new hope of heaven, took forms at once grotesque and sublime. Charles Wesley, a Christ Church student, came to add sweetness to this sudden and startling light. He was the "sweet singer" of the movement. His hymns expressed

the fiery conviction of its converts in lines so chaste and beautiful that its more extravagant features disappeared. The wild throes of hysteric enthusiasm passed into a passion for hymn-singing, and a new musical impulse was aroused in the people which gradually changed the face of public devotion throughout England.

But it was his elder brother, John Wesley, who embodied in himself not this or that side of the vast movement, but the very movement itself. Even at Oxford, where he resided as a Fellow of Lincoln, he had been looked upon as head of the group of Methodists, and after his return from a quixotic mission to the Indians of Georgia he again took the lead of the little society, which had removed in the interval to London. In power as a preacher he stood next to Whitfield; as a hymn-writer he stood second to his brother Charles. But while combining in some degree the excellences of either, he possessed qualities in which both were utterly deficient; an indefatigable industry, a cool judgment, a command over others, a faculty of organization, a singular union of patience and moderation with an imperious ambition, which marked him as a ruler of men. He had, besides, a learning and skill in writing which no other of the Methodists possessed; he was older than any of his colleagues at the start of the movement, and he outlived them all. His life indeed from 1703 to 1791 almost covers the century, and the Methodist body had passed through every phase of its history before he sank into the grave at the age of eighty-eight.

It would have been impossible for Wesley to have wielded the power he did had he not shared the follies and extravagance as well as the enthusiasm of his disciples. Throughout his life his asceticism was that of a monk. At times he lived on bread only, and often slept on the bare boards. He lived in a world of wonders and

divine interpositions. It was a miracle if the rain stopped and allowed him to set forward on a journey. It was a judgment of Heaven if a hailstorm burst over a town which had been deaf to his preaching. One day, he tells us, when he was tired and his horse fell lame, "I thought—cannot God heal either man or beast by any means or without any?—immediately my headache ceased and my horse's lameness in the same instant." With a still more childish fanaticism he guided his conduct, whether in ordinary events or in the great crises of his life, by drawing lots or watching the particular texts at which his Bible opened. But with all this extravagance and superstition, Wesley's mind was essentially practical, orderly, and conservative. No man ever stood at the head of a great revolution whose temper was so anti-revolutionary. In his earlier days the bishops had been forced to rebuke him for the narrowness and intolerance of his churchmanship. When Whitfield began his sermons in the fields, Wesley "could not at first reconcile himself to that strange way." He condemned and fought against the admission of laymen as preachers till he found himself left with none but laymen to preach. To the last he clung passionately to the Church of England, and looked on the body he had formed as but a lay society in full communion with it. He broke with the Moravians, who had been the earliest friends of the new movement, when they endangered its safe conduct by their contempt of religious forms. He broke with Whitfield when the great preacher plunged into an extravagant Calvinism.

But the same practical temper of mind which led him to reject what was unmeasured, and to be the last to adopt what was new, enabled him at once to grasp and organize the novelties he adopted. He became himself the most unwearied of field preachers, and his journal for half a century is little more than a record of fresh journeys

and fresh sermons. When once driven to employ lay helpers in his ministry he made their work a new and attractive feature in his system. His earlier asceticism only lingered in a dread of social enjoyments and an aversion from the gayer and sunnier side of life which links the Methodist movement with that of the Puritans. As the fervour of his superstition died down into the calm of age, his cool common sense discouraged in his followers the enthusiastic outbursts which marked the opening of the revival. His powers were bent to the building up of a great religious society which might give to the new enthusiasm a lasting and practical form. The Methodists were grouped into classes, gathered in love-feasts, purified by the expulsion of unworthy members, and furnished with an alternation of settled ministers and wandering preachers; while the whole body was placed under the absolute government of a Conference of ministers. But so long as he lived the direction of the new religious society remained with Wesley alone. "If by arbitrary power," he replied with a charming simplicity to objectors, "you mean a power which I exercise simply without any colleagues therein, this is certainly true, but I see no hurt in it."

XIV.

CLIVE AT ARCOT.

STANHOPE.

[While these peaceful changes were taking place in England itself, Englishmen across far-off seas were beginning to build up the great empire we now hold in India. English merchants had long settled on its coasts: their settlements grew into independent presidencies; and the limits of these widened as the traders profited by the quarrels of

the neighbouring princes. But this slow growth was changed into a vast scheme of conquest by the genius of Robert Clive.]

THE father of Clive was a gentleman of old family, but small estate, residing near Market-Drayton in Shropshire. There Robert, his eldest son, was born in 1725. From early childhood the boy showed a most daring and turbulent spirit. His uncle thus writes of him, even in his seventh year: "I hope I have made a little further conquest over Bob. . . . But his fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper so much fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out upon every trifling occasion; for this reason I do what I can to suppress the hero." The people at Drayton long remembered how they saw young Clive climb their lofty steeple, and seated astride a spout near the top,—how, on another occasion, he flung himself into the gutter to form a dam, and assist his playmates in flooding the cellar of a shopkeeper with whom he had quarrelled. At various schools to which he was afterwards sent he appears to have been idle and intractable. Even in after life he was never remarkable for scholarship; and his friendly biographer admits that, wide as was his influence over the native tribes of India, he was little, if at all, acquainted with their languages. His father was soon offended at his waywardness and neglect of his studies, and, instead of a profession at home, obtained for him a writership in the East India Company's[1] service, and in the Presidency of Madras. Some years later, when the old gentleman was informed of his son's successes and distinctions, he used to exclaim, half in anger and half in pride, "After all the booby has sense!"

The feelings of Clive during his first years at Madras are

[1] *The body of merchants who alone had the right to trade with India.*

described in his own letters. Thus he writes to his cousin: "I may safely say I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country. I am not acquainted with any one family in the place, and have not assurance enough to introduce myself without being asked. . . . Letters to friends were surely first invented for the comfort of such solitary wretches as myself." There is no doubt that the climate at Madras was unfavourable to his health, and his duty at the desk ill-suited to his temper. But worse than any other discomfort was his own constitutional and morbid melancholy—a melancholy which may yet be traced in the expression of his portraits, and which, afterwards heightened as it was by bodily disease and mental irritation, closed the career of this great chief, by the act of his own hand, before he had attained the age of fifty years. As a writer at Madras he twice one day snapped a pistol at his own head. Finding it miss fire, he calmly waited until his room was entered by an acquaintance, whom he requested to fire the pistol out of the window. The gentleman did so, and the pistol went off. At this proof that it had been rightly loaded, Clive sprang up, with the exclamation, "Surely then I am reserved for something!" and relinquished his design.

From this time forward, however, the undaunted spirit of Clive found a nobler scope against the public enemy. During the petty hostilities between the English and French traders in India,—when the merchant's clerks were almost compelled in self-defence to turn soldiers,—the name of Ensign or Lieutenant Clive is often, and always honourably, mentioned; and during the intervals of these hostilities he returned to his ledgers and accounts. But on the emergency produced by the successes of Dupleix,[2] the siege of Trichinopoly,[3] and the departure of Major

[2] *A Frenchman of genius who won the Indian princes to his side, and resolved to drive the English from India.* [3] *Chunda*

Lawrence, he accepted a captain's commission, and bade adieu to trade. With no military education, with so little military experience, this young man of twenty-five shone forth, not only, as might have been foreseen,—a most courageous, but a most skilful and accomplished commander; — a commander, as Lord Chatham once exclaimed, "whose resolution would charm the King of Prussia, and whose presence of mind has astonished the Indies." At this crisis he discerned that, although it was not possible to afford relief to Trichinopoly, a diversion might still be effected by a well-timed surprise of Arcot, thus compelling Chunda Sahib to send a large detachment from his army. The heads of the Presidency, on whom he strenuously urged his views, not only approved the design, but accepted the offer of his own services for its execution. Accordingly, in August, 1751, Captain Clive marched from Madras at the head of only 300 Sepoys[4] and 200 Europeans. Scanty as seems this force, it could only be formed by reducing the garrison at Fort St. David to 100 and the garrison of Madras to 50 men; and of the eight officers under Clive, six had never before been in action, and four were merchants' clerks, who, incited by his example, took up the sword to follow him.

A few days' march brought the little band within ten miles of Arcot, and within sight of the outposts of the garrison. There a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain arose, through which, however, Clive undauntedly pushed forward. Slight as seems this incident, it became attended with important results, for the garrison, apprised by their outposts of the behaviour of the English, were seized with a superstitious panic, as though their opponents

Sahib, a prince in alliance with the French, had attacked Trichinopoly, whose ruler was on the side of the English.

[4] *Native troops.*

were in league with the Heavens, and they fled precipitately, not only from the city, but from the citadel. Thus Clive, without having struck a blow, marched through the streets amidst a concourse of a hundred thousand spectators, and took quiet possession of the citadel or fort. In that stronghold the Arcot merchants had for security deposited effects to the value of 50,000*l.*, which Clive punctually restored to the owners; and this politic act of honesty conciliated many of the principal inhabitants to the English interest.

Clive, learning that the fugitive garrison had been reinforced, and had taken post in the neighbourhood, made several sallies against them; in the last he surprised them at night, and scattered or put them to the sword. But his principal business was to prepare against the siege which he expected, by collecting provisions and strengthening the works of the fort. As he had foretold, his appearance at Arcot effected a diversion at Trichinopoly. Chunda Sahib immediately detached 4,000 men from his army, who were joined by 2,000 natives from Vellore, by 150 Europeans from Pondicherry,[5] and by the remains of the fugitive garrison. Altogether, the force thus directed against Arcot exceeded 10,000 men, and was commanded by Rajah Sahib, a son of Chunda Sahib. The fort in which the English were now besieged was, notwithstanding some hasty repairs, in great measure ruinous, with the parapet low and slightly built, with several of the towers decayed, with the ditch in some parts fordable, in others dry, and in some choked up with fallen rubbish. But Clive undauntedly maintained, day after day, such feeble bulwarks against such overwhelming numbers.

After several weeks' siege, however, the besiegers, scanty and ill-served as was their artillery, had succeeded in making

[5] *The chief French settlement in India.*

more than one practicable breach in the walls. Some succour to the garrison was attempted from Madras, but in vain. Another resource, however, remained to Clive. He found means to despatch a messenger through the enemy's lines to Morari Row, a Mahratta chieftain, who had received a subsidy to assist Mahomed Ali, and who lay encamped with 6,000 men on the hills of Mysore. Hitherto, notwithstanding his subsidy, he had kept aloof from the contest. But the news how bravely Arcot was defended fixed his wavering mind. "I never thought till now," said he, "that the English could fight. Since they can I will help them." And accordingly he sent down a detachment of his troops from the hills.

Rajah Sahib, when he learnt that the Mahrattas were approaching, perceived that he had no time to lose. He sent a flag of truce to the garrison, promising a large sum of money if Clive would surrender, and denouncing instant death if Clive awaited a storm; but he found his offers and his threats received with equal disdain. Exasperated at the scornful answer, he made every preparation for a desperate attack on the morrow. It was the 14th of November, the fiftieth day of the siege, and the anniversary of the festival in commemoration of that martyr of early Islam, Hosein, when according to the creed of the Mahometans of India, any one who falls in battle against unbelievers is wafted at once into the highest region of Paradise. But, not solely trusting to the enthusiasm of the day, Rajah Sahib had recourse, moreover, to the excitement of bang, an intoxicating drug, with which he plentifully supplied his soldiers. Before daybreak they came on every side rushing furiously up to the assault. Besides the breaches which they expected to storm, they had hopes to break open the gates by urging forwards several elephants with plates of iron fixed to their foreheads; but the huge animals, galled by the English musketry,

as of yore by the Roman javelins, soon turned, and trampled down the multitudes around them. Opposite one of the breaches where the water of the ditch was deepest another party of the enemy had launched a raft with seventy men upon it, and began to cross. In this emergency Clive, observing that his gunners fired with bad aim, took himself the management of one of the field-pieces with so much effect that in three or four discharges he had upset the raft and drowned the men. Throughout the day his valour and his skill were equally conspicuous, and every assault of his opponents was repulsed with heavy loss. In the first part of the night their fire was renewed, but at two in the morning it ceased, and at the return of daylight it appeared that they had raised the siege, and were already out of sight, leaving 1,400 men dead upon the ground, with all their ammunition and artillery.

XV.

WOLFE AT QUEBEC.

BANCROFT.

[While England was thus wresting the supremacy over India from the French, she was struggling with them across the the Atlantic for the possession of America. English colonies had grown up since Elizabeth's day along its eastern coast, and were fast becoming powerful and populous states. But France had seized the line of the St. Lawrence, and pushed her settlements along the great lakes and the Mississipi to the sea. She thus threatened to cut off the British colonies from the great western plains, and to prison them to the eastern coast. The war which broke out between France and England was thus a contest which settled the future of America. Its issue decided that Englishmen and not Frenchmen were

to colonize and rule the great continent of the west. The struggle turned on the possession of Canada and its capital, Quebec. General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence to besiege the town; but he was long unable to force a landing, and the army was almost in despair when he won the victory of Quebec.]

SUMMER, which in that climate hurries through the sky, was over, and the British fleet must soon withdraw from the river. "My constitution," wrote the General[1] to Holdernesse, on the 9th, just four days before his death, "is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it."

But, in the meantime, Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin, with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town; while Saunders, as if an attack was intended at Beauport, set Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

The day and night of the twelfth were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the General, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to

[1] *Wolfe.*

those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow:" and, while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated:—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, using neither sail nor oars, glided down with the tide. In three quarters of an hour the ships followed; and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height; the rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec; and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field of the Celtic and Saxon[2] races.

"It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm,[3] in amazement, as the news

[2] i.e. *the French and English.* [3] *The French general.*

reached him in his intrenchments on the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information, "Then," he cried, "they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day." And, before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail-fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm had what Wolfe had called but "five weak French battalions," of less than two thousand men, "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on commanding ground. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm, having summoned De Bougainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground, endeavoured to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townsend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground; and fired by platoons, without unity. Their adversaries, especially the forty-third and the forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, of which three men out of four were Americans, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their

enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennezergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and, so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barré, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which made him blind of one eye, and ultimately of both. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist; but, still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. "Support me," he cried to an officer near him; "let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. "They run! they run!" spoke the officer on whom he leaned. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. "The French," replied the officer, "give way everywhere." "What," cried the expiring hero, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay. "Now, God be praised, I die happy." These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite west

and north. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to length of life; and, filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.

XVI.

BUNKER'S HILL.

BANCROFT.

[The victory was followed by a peace, in which France withdrew from every part of America save the mouth of the Mississippi, and the great continent was left to the possession of Englishmen. But the triumph was soon followed by a terrible struggle. The English colonies felt that the time was come when they could govern themselves; while England unwisely resolved to hold them under her rule. War broke out; and the British soldiers at first made light of the untrained volunteers from the colonies. But the Americans soon showed that they too were of English blood and English courage; and, advancing to besiege Boston, they encountered a sally of the British army from that town on the heights of Bunker's Hill. They succeeded in repulsing it; and from that moment it became impossible to conquer America.]

Of the two columns which were put in motion,[1] the one was led by Pigot against the redoubt; the other by Howe himself[2] against the flank, which seemed protected by nothing but a fence of rails and hay easy to be scrambled over, when the left of Prescott[3] would be turned, and he would be forced to surrender on finding the enemy in his rear.

[1] *The British columns, who were attacking the entrenchments of the colonists on Bunker's Hill.* [2] *General Howe commanded the British forces.* [3] *The commander of the Americans on Bunker's Hill.*

As they began to march, the dazzling lustre of a summer's sun was reflected from their burnished armour; the battery on Copp's Hill, from which Clinton and Burgoyne[4] were watching every movement, kept up an incessant fire, which was seconded by the *Falcon* and the *Lively*, the *Somerset*, and the two floating batteries; the town of Charlestown, consisting of five hundred edifices of wood, burst into a blaze; and the steeple of its only church became a pyramid of fire. All the while the masts of the shipping, and the heights of the British camp, the church towers, the house-tops of a populous town,[5] and the acclivities of the surrounding country were crowded with spectators, to watch the battle which was to take place, in full sight on a conspicuous eminence; and which, as the English thought, was to assure the integrity of the British empire; as the Americans believed, was to influence the freedom and happiness of mankind.

As soon as Prescott perceived that the enemy were in motion, he commanded Robinson, his Lieutenant-Colonel, the same who conducted himself so bravely in the fight at Concord, and Henry Woods, his Major, famed in the villages of Middlesex for ability and patriotism, with separate detachments to flank the enemy; and they executed his orders with prudence and daring. He then went through the works to encourage and animate his inexperienced soldiers. "The red-coats will never reach the redoubt," such were his words, as he himself used to narrate them, "if you will but withhold your fire till I give the order, and be careful not to shoot over their heads." After this round, he took his post in the redoubt, well satisfied that the men would do their duty.

The British advanced in line in good order, steadily and slowly, and with a confident, imposing air, pausing on the

[4] *Two English Generals.* [5] *Boston.*

march to let their artillery prepare the way, and firing with muskets as they advanced. But they fired too soon and too high, doing but little injury.

Incumbered with their knapsacks, they ascended the steep hill with difficulty, covered as it was with grass reaching to their knees, and intersected with walls and fences. Prescott waited till the enemy had approached within eight rods as he afterwards thought, within ten or twelve rods as the committee of safety of Massachusetts wrote, when he gave the word "Fire!" At once, from the redoubt and breastwork, every gun was discharged. Nearly the whole front rank of the enemy fell, and the rest, to whom this determined resistance was unexpected, were brought to a stand. For a few minutes, fifteen or ten,—who can count such minutes!—each one of the Americans, completely covered whilst he loaded his musket, exposed only while he stood upon the wooden platform or steps of earth in the redoubt to take aim, fought according to his own judgment and will; and a close and unremitting fire was continued and returned, till the British staggered, wavered, and then in disordered masses retreated precipitately to the foot of the hill, and some even to their boats.

The column of the enemy, which advanced near the *Mystic* under the lead of Howe, moved gallantly forward against the rail-fence, and, when within eighty or one hundred yards, displayed into line with the precision of troops on parade. Here, too, the Americans, commanded by Stark and Knowlton, cheered on by Putnam, who like Prescott bade them reserve their fire, restrained themselves as if by universal consent, till at the proper moment, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, they poured forth a deliberate, well-directed, fatal discharge; here, too, the British recoiled from the volley, and after a short contest

were thrown into confusion, sounded a retreat, and fell back till they were covered by the ground.

Then followed moments of joy in that unfinished redoubt, and behind the grassy rampart, where New England husbandmen, so often taunted with cowardice, beheld veteran battalions shrink before their arms. Their hearts bounded as they congratulated each other. The night-watches, thirst, hunger, danger, whether of captivity or death, were forgotten. They promised themselves victory.

As the British soldiers retreated, the officers were seen by the spectators on the opposite shore, running down to them, using passionate gestures, and pushing them forward with their swords. After an interval of about fifteen minutes, during which Prescott moved round among his men, encouraging them and cheering them with praise, the British column under Pigot rallied and advanced, though with apparent reluctance, in the same order as before, firing as they approached within musket-shot. This time the Americans withheld their fire till the enemy were within six or five rods of the redoubt, when, as the order was given, it seemed more fatal than before. The enemy continued to discharge their guns, and pressed forward with spirit. "But from the whole American line there was," said Prescott, "a continuous stream of fire;" and though the British officers exposed themselves fearlessly, remonstrating, threatening, and even striking the soldiers to urge them on, they could not reach the redoubt, but in a few moments gave way in greater disorder than before. The wounded and the dead covered the ground in front of the works, some lying within a few yards of them.

On the flank also, the British light infantry again marched up its companies against the grass fence, but could not penetrate it. "Indeed," wrote some of the survivors, "how could we penetrate it? Most of our grenadiers and light

infantry, the moment of presenting themselves, lost three-fourths, and many nine-tenths of their men. Some had only eight or nine men in a company left, some only three, four, or five." On the ground where but the day before the mowers had swung the scythe in peace, "the dead," relates Stark, "lay as thick as sheep in a fold." Howe for a few seconds was left nearly alone, so many of the officers about him having been killed or wounded; and it required the utmost exertion of all, from the generals down to the subalterns, to repair the rout. Rails which the British had clambered over were found the next day studded with marks of musket-balls not a hand's-breadth apart; and officers, who had served in the most remarkable actions of the last war, declared that for the time it lasted it was the hottest engagement they ever knew.

At intervals, the artillery from the ships and batteries was playing, while the flames were rising over the town of Charlestown, and laying waste the places of the graves of its fathers, and streets were falling together, and ships at the yards were crashing on the stocks, and the kindred of the Americans, from the fields and hills and house-tops around, watched every gallant act of their defenders.

XVII

WATT.

SMILES.

[The colonies at last succeeded in forcing England to recognise their independence, and became the United States of America. Terrible as the struggle had been, England had been growing richer and greater during its course, through the vast developement of her industries. This was owing partly to the improvement of her roads

and the introduction of canals, but mainly to the discovery of the steam-engine by Watt. Watt was a mechanician of Glasgow, whose inventive faculty turned itself to improve the rude machines in which steam had till now been used as a motive power. He was long foiled in his efforts.]

WATT continued to pursue his studies as before. Though still occupied with his inquiries and experiments as to steam, he did not neglect his proper business, but was constantly on the look-out for improvements in instrument-making. A machine which he invented for drawing in perspective proved a success; and he made a considerable number of them to order, for customers in London as well as abroad. He was also an indefatigable reader, and continued to extend his knowledge of chemistry and mechanics by perusal of the best books on these sciences.

Above all other subjects, however, the improvement of the steam-engine continued to keep the fastest hold upon his mind. He still brooded over his experiments with the Newcomen model,[1] but did not seem to make much way in introducing any practical improvement in its mode of working. His friend Robison says he struggled long to condense with sufficient rapidity without injection, trying one expedient after another, finding out what would do by what would *not* do, and exhibiting many beautiful specimens of ingenuity and fertility of resource. He continued, to use his own words, "to grope in the dark, misled by many an *ignis fatuus*." It was a favourite saying of his, that "Nature has a weak side, if we can only find it out;" and he went on groping and feeling for it, but as yet in vain. At length light burst upon him, and all at once the problem over which he had been brooding was solved.

[1] *A machine constructed by Newcomen was as yet the most successful in using the power of steam.*

One Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1765, he went to take an afternoon walk on the Green, then a quiet, grassy meadow, used as a bleaching and grazing ground. On week-days the Glasgow lasses came thither with their largest kail-pots, to boil their clothes in; and sturdy queans might be seen, with coats kilted, tramping blankets in their tubs. On Sundays the place was comparatively deserted, and hence Watt went thither to take a quiet afternoon's stroll. His thoughts were as usual running on the subject of his unsatisfactory experiments with the Newcomen engine, when the first idea of the *separate condenser* suddenly flashed upon his mind. But the notable discovery is best told in his own words, as related to Mr. Robert Hart, many years after:—

"I had gone to take a walk on a fine Sabbath afternoon. I had entered the Green by the gate at the foot of Charlotte Street, and had passed the old washing-house. I was thinking upon the engine at the time, and had gone as far as the herd's house, when the idea came into my mind that as steam was an elastic body it would rush into a vacuum, and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel,[2] it would rush into it, and might be there condensed without cooling the cylinder.[3] I then saw that I must get rid of the condensed steam and injection-water if I used a jet, as in Newcomen's engine. Two ways of doing this occurred to me. First, the water might be run off by a descending pipe, if an off-let could be got at the depth of 35 or 36 feet, and any air might be extracted by a small pump. The second was to

[2] *A vessel from which the air it contained had been exhausted.*

[3] *The chief difficulty in the way of using steam had arisen from the practice of condensing it by an injection of cold water into the cylinder when it had forced the piston upwards. This cooled the cylinder, and consequently a greater amount of steam was needed to force the piston up again.*

make the pump large enough to extract both water and air." He continued: "I had not walked further than the Golf House when the whole thing was arranged in my mind."

Great and prolific ideas are almost always simple. What seems impossible at the outset appears so obvious when it is effected that we are prone to marvel that it did not force itself at once upon the mind. Late in life Watt, with his accustomed modesty, declared his belief that if he had excelled, it had been by chance and the neglect of others. To Professor Jardine he said "that when it was analysed the invention would not appear so great as it seemed to be. In the state," said he, "in which I found the steam-engine, it was no great effort of mind to observe that the quantity of fuel necessary to make it work would for ever prevent its extensive utility. The next step in my progress was equally easy—to inquire what was the cause of the great consumption of fuel: this, too, was readily suggested, viz., the waste of fuel which was necessary to bring the whole cylinder, piston, and adjacent parts from the coldness of water to the heat of steam, no fewer than from fifteen to twenty times in a minute." The question then occurred, How was this to be avoided or remedied? It was at this stage that the idea of carrying on the condensation in a separate vessel flashed upon his mind and solved the difficulty.

Mankind has been more just to Watt than he was to himself. There was no accident in the discovery. It was the result of close and continuous study; and the idea of the separate condenser was merely the last step of a long journey—a step which could not have been taken unless the road which led to it had been carefully and thoughtfully traversed. Dr. Black says, "This capital improvement flashed upon his mind at once, and filled him with rapture;" a statement which, spite of the unimpassioned nature of Watt, we can readily believe.

But, although the invention was complete in Watt's mind, it took him many long and laborious years to work out the details of the engine. His friend Robison, with whom his intimacy was maintained during these interesting experiments, has given a graphic account of the difficulties which he successively encountered and overcame. He relates that on his return from the country, after the College vacation in 1765, he went to have a chat with Watt, and communicate to him some observations he had made on Desaguliers' and Belidor's account of the steam-engine. He went straight into the parlour without ceremony, and found Watt sitting before the fire, looking at a little tin cistern which he had on his knee. Robison immediately started the conversation about steam, his mind, like Watt's, being occupied with the means of avoiding the excessive waste of heat in the Newcomen engine. Watt, all the while, kept looking into the fire, and after a time laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair, saying nothing. It seems that Watt felt rather nettled at Robison having communicated to a mechanic of the town a contrivance which he had hit upon for turning the cocks of his engine. When Robison therefore pressed his inquiry, Watt at length looked at him and said briskly, "You need not fash[4] yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot,—ay, and hot water injected, if I please." He then pushed the little tin cistern with his foot under the table.

Robison could learn no more of the new contrivance from Watt at that time; but on the same evening he accidentally met a mutual acquaintance, who, supposing he knew as usual the progress of Watt's experiments, observed to him, "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?"—"Yes."—"He'll be in fine spirits now with his engine?"—"Yes,"

[4] *Trouble.*

said Robison, "very fine spirits,"—"Gad!" said the other, "the separate condenser's the very thing: keep it but cold enough; and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder." This was Watt's secret, and the nature of the contrivance was clear to Robison at once.

XVIII.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

SOUTHEY.

[After a few years the peaceful progress of England was disturbed by a fresh war with France. France had risen against the tyranny which had long oppressed her; and her first efforts to obtain freedom were warmly greeted by nearly all Englishmen. Unfortunately the Continental sovereigns, in dread of this revolution, resolved to put it down by force of arms; and their invasion drove France to a frenzy of alarm. Terrible crimes were committed, and the King, Louis the Sixteenth, was put to death. The invaders however were driven back; and in the pride of its success the French Republic determined to carry its freedom over the world by dint of the sword. England was already estranged by the crimes and bloodshed of the Revolution; she was now alarmed by the spread of Republican principles at home, and yet more by the sudden greatness which France acquired abroad; and she was determined to maintain against the Republic, as against the Bourbons in older days, the balance of power. On the French invading Holland, therefore, England declared war. The war lasted more than twenty years; but it changed its character more than once. At first it was a war against the Revolution. On land the English were unsuccessful: but their defeats were redeemed by great victories at sea. Of these the greatest was the Battle of the Nile. The young French general, Napoleon Buonaparte, after a course of marvellous victories, resolved to revolutionize the East, and to wrest India from England.

As a first step to this, he sailed under escort from a French fleet to Alexandria, and conquered Egypt. But Nelson, the first of British seamen, followed him, and finding the French ships ranged in line in Aboukir Bay, resolved on an attack.]

THE moment Nelson perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which he was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing,[1] there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say!" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the Admiral: "that we shall succeed, is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shells from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half gun-shot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence: the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, out-sailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore,

[1] *Ride freely at anchor.*

to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her mast. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round towards the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and *Conquerant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main- and mizen-masts, then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the Admiral. In a few minutes

every man stationed at the first six guns in the forepart of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded—these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropt her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys'[2] own ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, whose difference of force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire: but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half after six; about seven, night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done: as he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation; and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms of water, before the lead could be hove again he was fast aground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those

[2] *Brueys was admiral of the French fleet.*

of the *Leander* and *Mutine* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course which they were holding, have gone considerably farther on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost; these ships entered the bay, and took their stations in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remembered it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail. Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen-peak as soon as it became dark; and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire: if she was an enemy, he said, she was in too disabled a state to escape; but, from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship. It was the *Bellerophon* overpowered by the huge *Orient*: her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away; and she was drifting out of the line, towards the lee side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French Admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored within side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwarthawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin* was so near her ahead that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he

therefore took his station athwart-hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others had in that time suffered so severely that victory was certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal: Nelson himself thought so. A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon—in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors —with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands that he might instantly attend the Admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. He then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard;* and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine

his wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and as far as he could, ordered him, to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded; and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the Admiral that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead: he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post: a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted; and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which

the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momently dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats; and some even in the heat and fury of the action were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake—such an event would be felt like a miracle; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, Casa-Bianca, and his son, a brave boy, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of Malta) to the amount of 600,000*l.* sterling. The masses of burning wreck, which were scattered by the explosion, excited for some moments apprehensions in the English which they had never felt from any other danger. Two large pieces fell into the main and foretops of the *Swiftsure* without injuring any person. A port-fire also fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander:* the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up that they

were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The fire recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre; and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, the two rear-ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying; they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers, that if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped—the four certainly could not if the *Culloden* had got into action—and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates one was sunk, another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villainous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the *Theseus*, struck his colours, then set fire to the ship, and escaped, with most of his crew, to shore. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to eight hundred and ninety-five. Westcott was the only captain who fell. Three thousand one hundred and five of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and five thousand two hundred and twenty-five perished.

XIX.

DEATH OF NELSON.

SOUTHEY.

[Nelson's victory foiled Buonaparte's designs, while it encouraged Europe to rise against the French Republic. But Buonaparte returned to France, and by fresh victories restored its supremacy. He had no sooner done this, however, than he overthrew the Republic and set up a despotism in its stead with himself as Emperor at its head. He resolved to make himself master of all Europe; and to begin the work by the invasion and conquest of England. For this purpose he gathered a great army at Boulogne, and called all his fleet to the Channel to cover its crossing. Nelson, however, met the French ships in Trafalgar Bay, and in a wonderful victory almost wholly destroyed them. In the moment of triumph the great seaman was shot by a marksman in the French ship he was attacking.]

THE enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*,[1] till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant sail: then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one of them should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's

[1] *Nelson's flag-ship.*

secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace-bits on the quarter-deck and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other, each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding-sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew upon this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy[2] informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside: then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being

[2] *Captain of the "Victory."*

boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire:* so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire.* And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad.*

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than

fifteen yards from that part of the deck from where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.—"I hope not," cried Hardy.—"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes which had been shot away were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory*

hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him; and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all the feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would

like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned: and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard." And he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady

Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

XX.

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

NAPIER.

[The victory of Trafalgar secured England from invasion, and left her mistress of the seas. But Buonaparte, who became the Emperor Napoleon, was made by victories as great almost absolute master of the Continent; and the two great rival powers of land and sea were left face to face. At last the Emperor's sway was broken by a rising of the Spanish people on his seizure of Spain; and England at once backed this by sending her troops to its support. After a while Wellington became their general; and a war began in which he encountered many of Napoleon's marshals with success. One of the most brilliant events of this war was the repulse of an attack under Marshal Soult by a British force commanded by Marshal Beresford, at Albuera.]

SOULT had forty guns, four thousand veteran cavalry, and nineteen thousand chosen infantry, all of one discipline, animated by one spirit, and amply compensated for their inferiority in number by their fine organization and their leader's capacity, which was immeasurably greater than his adversary's.[1] He had examined the position without hindrance on the evening of the 15th, and hearing that the

[1] *Marshal Beresford.*

fourth division was left at Badajos, and that Blake would not arrive before the 17th, resolved to attack next morning, for he had detected the weakness of Beresford's dispositions. The hill in the centre, commanding the Valverde road, was undoubtedly the key of the position if an attack was made parallel to the front; but Soult saw that on the right a high rough broken table-land trended back towards the Valverde road and looked into the rear of Beresford's line. Hence if he could suddenly place his masses there he might roll up the allies on their centre and push them into the valley behind; the Valverde road could then be seized, the retreat cut, and the strong French cavalry would complete the victory.

[His plans were admirably carried out on the following morning. While the British troops were still occupied in taking up their position, and their Spanish allies were delaying to move, the French broke in upon their rear.]

Half an hour had sufficed to render Beresford's position nearly desperate. Two-thirds of the French were in compact order of battle perpendicular to his right, and his army, composed of different nations,[2] was making a disorderly change of front. Vainly he tried to get the Spanish line advanced to make room for the second division to support it, the French guns opened, their infantry threw out a heavy musketry fire, and their cavalry, outflanking the front and menacing different points, put the Spaniards in disorder: they fell fast and went back.

Soult thought the whole army was yielding, he pushed forward his columns, his reserves mounted the hill behind him, and General Ruty placed all the French batteries in position; but then William Stewart reached the foot of the height with a brigade of the second division under Colborne, who seeing the confusion above, desired to form

[2] *English, Spanish, and Portuguese.*

in order of battle previous to mounting. But Stewart, whose boiling courage generally overlaid his judgment, led up in column of companies, passed the Spanish right, and attempted to open a line by succession of battalions as they arrived. The enemy's fire was found too destructive to be borne passively, and the foremost troops charged; but then heavy rain obscured the view, four regiments of French hussars and lancers galloped in from the right at the moment of advancing, and two-thirds of the brigade went down: the 31st Regiment only, being on the left, formed square and resisted, while the French horsemen, riding furiously about, trampled the others, and captured six guns. The tumult was great; a lancer fell upon Beresford, who, being a man of great strength, put aside the lance and cast him from his saddle; and then a shift of wind blowing aside the smoke and mist, Lumley perceived the mischief from the plain below, and sending four squadrons up against the straggling lancers, cut many of them off: Penne Villemur's Spanish cavalry was also directed to charge the French horsemen in the plain, and they galloped forward until within a few yards of their foes but then shamefully fled.

During this first unhappy effort of the second division so great was the disorder, that the Spaniards in one part fired without cessation, though the British troops were before them; in another part, flying before the lancers, they would have broken through the 29th, then advancing to succour Colborne, but with a stern resolution that regiment smote friends and foes without distinction in their onward progress. Meanwhile Beresford, finding the main body of the Spaniards would not advance, seized an ensign by the breast and bore him and his colours by main force to the front, yet the troops did not follow, and the coward ran back when released from the Marshal's iron grasp. In this crisis the weather, which had ruined Colborne's brigade,

saved the day. Soult could not see the whole field of battle, and kept his heavy columns inactive when the decisive blow might have been struck. His cavalry, indeed, began to hem in that of the allies, yet the fire of the horse-artillery enabled Lumley, covered as he was by the bed of the Aroya and supported by the fourth division, to check them on the plain; Colborne still remained on the height with the 31st Regiment. The British artillery, under Julius Hartman, was coming fast into action, and William Stewart, who had escaped the charge of the lancers, was again mounting the hill with Houghton's brigade, which he brought on with equal vehemence, but in a juster order of battle. The day then cleared, and a dreadful fire poured into the thickest of the French columns convinced Soult that the fight was yet to be won.

Houghton's regiments reached the height under a heavy cannonade, and the 29th, after breaking through the fugitive Spaniards, was charged in flank by the French lancers; yet two companies, wheeling to the right, foiled this attack with a sharp fire, and then the third brigade of the second division came up on the left, and the Spanish troops, under Zayas and Ballesteros, at last moved forward. Hartman's artillery was now in full play, and the enemy's infantry recoiled, but, soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before. The cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, the peals of musketry were incessant, often within pistol-shot, yet the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them an inch of ground or a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice wounded, Colonel Duckworth was slain, and the intrepid Houghton, having received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the very act of cheering on his men. Still the

struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy who had mounted the hill, fell in the 57th alone; the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one-third were standing in any: ammunition failed, and as the English fire slackened a French column was established in advance upon the right flank. The play of the guns checked them a moment, but in this dreadful crisis Beresford wavered! Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement; he now sent Alten orders to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to take with his Germans and the Portuguese artillery a position to cover a retreat by the Valverde road. But while the commander was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge had urged Cole to advance with the fourth division; and then riding to the third brigade of the second division, which, under the command of Colonel Abercrombie, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die was thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, Alten received orders to retake the village, and this terrible battle was continued.

The fourth division was composed of two brigades: one of Portuguese, under General Harvey; the other, under Sir William Myers, consisting of the 7th and 23rd Regiments, was called the fusileer brigade: Harvey's Portuguese were immediately pushed in between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were charged by some French cavalry, whom they beat off, and meantime Cole led his fusileers up the contested height. At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of the Werlé's reserves

were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper parts of the hill, and, behind all, Hamilton's Portuguese and Alten's Germans, now withdrawing from the bridge, seemed to be in full retreat. Soon, however, Cole's fusileers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion, under Colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, drove off the lancers, recovered five of the captured guns and one colour, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, precisely as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but suddenly and sternly recovering they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous

enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill.

XXI.

WATERLOO

GREEN.

[While the French were being pressed hard in Spain, Napoleon's empire broke down before a coalition of the European powers, and he was driven into exile at Elba. He returned however, was again received by France, and finding Europe still against him, resolved to break the league of her states by crushing first the English, and then the Prussian army, who then occupied Belgium under Wellington and Blucher.]

NAPOLEON landed on the 1st March, 1815, on the coast near Cannes, and, followed only by a thousand of his guards, marched over the mountains of Dauphiné upon Grenoble and Lyons. He counted, and counted justly, on

the indifference of the country to its new Bourbon rulers,[1] on the longing of the army for a fresh struggle which should restore its glory, and above all on the spell of his name over soldiers whom he had so often led to victory. In twenty days from his landing he reached the Tuileries unopposed, while Lewis the Eighteenth fled helplessly to Ghent. But whatever hopes he had drawn from the divisions of the Allied Powers were at once dispelled by their resolute action on the news of his descent upon France. Their strife was hushed and their old union restored by the consciousness of a common danger. A Declaration adopted instantly by all put Napoleon to the ban of Europe. An engagement to supply a million of men for the purposes of the war, and a recall of their armies to the Rhine, gave practical effect to the words of the Allies. England furnished subsidies to the amount of eleven millions to support these enormous hosts, and hastened to place an army on the frontier of the Netherlands. The best troops of the force which had been employed in the Peninsula however were still across the Atlantic; and of the eighty thousand men who gathered round Wellington only about a half were Englishmen, the rest principally raw levies from Belgium and Hanover. The Duke's plan was to unite with the one hundred and fifty thousand Prussians under Marshal Blucher who were advancing on the Lower Rhine, and to enter France by Mons and Namur while the forces of Austria and Russia closed in upon Paris by way of Belfort and Elsass.

Napoleon had thrown aside all thought of a merely defensive war. By amazing efforts he had raised an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men in the few months since his arrival in Paris; and in the opening of June one hundred and twenty thousand Frenchmen were concentrated on the

[1] *On Napoleon's abdication Lewis the Eighteenth had been placed upon the throne.*

Sambre at Charleroi, while Wellington's troops still lay in cantonments on the line of the Scheldt from Ath to Nivelles, and Blucher's on that of the Meuse from Nivelles to Liège. Both the allied armies hastened to unite at Quatre Bras; but their junction was already impossible. Blucher with eighty thousand men was himself attacked on the 16th by Napoleon at Ligny, and after a desperate contest driven back with terrible loss upon Wavre. On the same day Ney[2] with twenty thousand men, and an equal force under D'Erlon in reserve, appeared before Quatre Bras, where as yet only ten thousand English and the same force of Belgian troops had been able to assemble. The Belgians broke before the charges of the French horse; but the dogged resistance of the English infantry gave time for Wellington to bring up corps after corps, till at the close of the day Ney saw himself heavily outnumbered, and withdrew baffled from the field. About five thousand men had fallen on either side in this fierce engagement: but heavy as was Wellington's loss, the firmness of the English army had already done much to foil Napoleon's effort at breaking through the line of the Allies. Blucher's retreat however left the English flank uncovered; and on the following day, while the Prussians were falling back on Wavre, Wellington with nearly seventy thousand men—for his army was now well in hand—withdrew in good order upon Waterloo, followed by the mass of the French forces under the Emperor himself.

Napoleon had detached Marshal Grouchy with thirty thousand men to hang upon the rear of the beaten Prussians while with a force of eighty thousand men he resolved to bring Wellington to battle. On the morning of the 18th of June the two armies faced one another on the field of Waterloo in front of the forest of Soignies, on the high road to Brussels. Napoleon's one fear had been

[2] *The bravest of Napoleon's marshals.*

that of a continued retreat. "I have them!" he cried, as he saw the English line drawn up on a low rise of ground which stretched across the high road from the château of Hougomont on its right to the farm and straggling village of La Haye Sainte on its left. He had some grounds for his confidence of success. On either side the forces numbered between seventy and eighty thousand men; but the French were superior in guns and cavalry, and a large part of Wellington's force consisted of Belgian levies who broke and fled at the outset of the fight. A fierce attack upon Hougomont opened the battle at eleven; but it was not till midday that the corps of D'Erlon advanced upon the centre near La Haye Sainte, which from that time bore the main brunt of the struggle. Never has greater courage, whether of attack or endurance, been shown on any field than was shown by both combatants at Waterloo. The columns of D'Erlon, repulsed by the English foot, were hurled back in disorder by a charge of the Scots Greys; but the victorious horsemen were crushed in their turn by the French cuirassiers, and the mass of the French cavalry, twelve thousand strong, flung itself in charge after charge on the English front, carrying the English guns and sweeping with desperate bravery round the unbroken squares whose fire thinned their ranks. With almost equal bravery the French columns of the centre again advanced, wrested at last the farm of La Haye Sainte from their opponents, and pushed on vigorously though in vain under Ney against the troops in its rear.

Terrible as was the English loss—and many of his regiments were reduced to a mere handful of men—Wellington stubbornly held his ground while the Prussians, advancing, as they promised, from Wavre through deep and miry forest roads, were slowly gathering to his support, disregarding the attack on their rear by which Grouchy strove

to hold them back from the field. At half-past four their advanced guard deployed at last from the woods; but the main body was still far behind, and Napoleon was still able to hold his ground against them till their increasing masses forced him to stake all on a desperate effort against the English front. The Imperial Guard—his only reserve, and which had as yet taken no part in the battle—was drawn up at seven in two huge columns of attack. The first, with Ney himself at its head, swept all before it as it mounted the rise beside La Haye Sainte, on which the thin English line still held its ground, and all but touched the English front when its mass, torn by the terrible fire of musketry with which it was received, gave way before a charge from the English Guards. The second, three thousand strong, advanced with the same courage over the slope near Hougomont, only to be shattered and repulsed in the same way. At the moment when these masses, shattered but still unconquered, fell slowly and doggedly back down the fatal rise, the Prussians pushed forward some forty thousand strong on Napoleon's right, their guns swept the road to Charleroi, and Wellington seized the moment for a general advance. From that moment all was lost. Only the Old Guard stood firm in the wreck of the French army; and nothing but night and exhaustion checked the English in their pursuit of the broken masses who hurried from the field. The Prussian horse continued the chase through the night, and only forty thousand Frenchmen with some thirty guns recrossed the Sambre. Napoleon himself fled hurriedly to Paris, and his second abdication was followed by the triumphant entry of the English and Prussian armies into the French capital.

XXII.

THE REFORM BILL.

SPENCER WALPOLE.

[What had enabled England to bear the stress of her long strife with France was in part the great increase of her wealth which took place during this struggle from the developement of her manufacturing industry. It was in fact during this period that she became the manufacturing country of the world. Of these manufactures the most important was that of cotton, which found its main seat in Lancashire, and has made that county the wealthiest and most populous part of Britain. With the developement of manufactures came a great displacement of population, which had drifted to the north of England, and a new activity of political thought. In the peace which followed on the fall of Napoleon, the English towns and trading classes began to crave for a larger share in the government of the country, and for this purpose to demand a rearrangement of the suffrage, or right under which men voted for members of the House of Commons, as well as of the number of members returned by the various shires and boroughs. The panic at any constitutional change which had been created by the French Revolution was still strong in England, and reform was bitterly opposed; but a break up of the Tory party in 1830, brought the Whigs into office; and they at once drew up a bill for effecting these changes.]

UNDER ordinary circumstances, it would have been natural to have entrusted the Reform Bill to the leader of the House of Commons. But the Cabinet decided that it should be introduced by Lord John Russell, the Paymaster of the Forces. Various reasons induced them to arrive at this decision. Lord John had for more than ten years actively

promoted the Reform of Parliament. A bill which was brought forward on his responsibility was therefore sure of favourable consideration by the Reformers. Lord John moreover was a younger brother of the Duke of Bedford; the duke was one of the largest territorial magnates in the country; he was the proprietor of rotten boroughs;[1] and a bill therefore recommended by his brother's authority was likely to reassure timid or wavering politicians. Something was indeed necessary to infuse spirit into the hearts of the Reformers in Parliament. Outside the House a crowd of people, anxiously collected throughout the greater portion of the day, testified their anxiety for the success of the measure which was about to be introduced. But, inside the House, Lord John was confronted by a compact body of Tories, anxious to learn what the Ministry were about to propose, but ready to forget their own differences in their dislike to all reform. Those who had expected a great declamatory speech from the introducer of the measure, were disappointed. Lord John told his tale in the plainest language. But the tale which he had to tell required no extraordinary eloquence to adorn it. The Radicals[2] had not dared to expect, the Tories in their wildest fears had not apprehended, so complete a measure. Enthusiasm was visible on one side of the House; consternation and dismay on the other. At last, when Lord John read the list of boroughs which were doomed to extinction, the Tories hoped that the completeness of the measure would ensure its defeat. Forgetting their fears, they began to be amused, and burst into peals of derisive laughter.

Men of large experience believed that, if Peel[3] had risen the moment Lord John sat down, and had declined to

[1] *Boroughs where there was no real constituency; and where members were really nominees of some private person.*

[2] *The more extreme reformers.* [3] *Sir Robert Peel, then leader of the Tories in the House of Commons.*

discuss a bill which was not a measure of "Reform but of Revolution," the House would have refused to allow the bill to be introduced. It is very unlikely, however, that such a result would have ensued. Tory members like Sir Robert Inglis had come down to the House primed with arguments to prove that little fishing villages in Cornwall, were better qualified to return members than the great manufacturing towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Tory members like Inglis, who had searched through Camden and Hatsell, Henry and Rapin, Hallam and Burke, who had telling quotations in their pockets from Horne Tooke's writings and Canning's speeches, would hardly have consented to waste all their labour by smothering the new-born infant in the very hour of its birth. The House, instead of dividing, talked out the night and adjourned till the morrow. The debate, thus adjourned, was protracted over seven nights; but every fresh adjournment strengthened the hands of the Ministry and weakened those of the Opposition. The measure, which had excited derision in the House, was received with enthusiasm out of doors. Resolutions, supporting the bill, were passed at monster meetings in all the large towns. Moderate members, warned by the attitude of the country, declined to commit themselves to an uncompromising opposition to the measure; and the bill, which might possibly have been thrown out on the 1st of March, was read a first time without a division on the 9th.

[The bill however soon found difficulties in the temper of the House; and the Ministry were forced either to abandon it or to resolve on an appeal to the country. The House of Lords, on hearing of their purpose to dissolve the Houses, determined to address the king against such a dissolution; but they were anticipated by the energy of William the Fourth.]

Fortunately for the Ministry, the king's consent was easily procured. However much he had originally disliked the proposal for a dissolution, he disliked much more the attempt which was to be made in the House of Lords to interfere with his prerogative to dissolve. He declared that he would go himself at once; that if his carriages could not be got ready he would go in a hackney coach. Trumpery difficulties, raised by some of his household, about preparing the state carriages and plaiting the horses' manes, might have proved impassable mountains in the reign of George—they were only molehills in the reign of William.

On the afternoon on which the dissolution took place the House of Lords met at two, the House of Commons at half-past two. The impending dissolution had just become known, and both Houses were the scene of disorder and confusion rarely witnessed in Parliament. In the House of Commons the violence was sufficiently marked. In the House of Lords the peers were nearly coming to blows. Wharncliffe had barely time to read his motion[4] before his speech was stopped by shouts of "the king!" Brougham[5] increased the uproar by angrily declaring that the House of Commons had thought fit to take the extreme and unprecedented step of refusing the supplies. The complaint only increased the anger of the Tories. Brougham was hooted. Lord Londonderry shook his fist at the Duke of Richmond. The peeresses who had come to look at the king trembled in the gallery. The king himself, alarmed at the uproar, hesitated for a moment to enter the House. Brougham, however, easily persuaded him that the indecorous uproar would be hushed by his presence. He came; and told his turbulent legislators that he had come to prorogue the Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

[4] *For an address against the dissolution.* [5] *The Lord Chancellor.*

The consternation of the Opposition at the sudden dissolution of the Parliament of 1830 was exceeded by the enthusiasm which was created by the news of it in the country. London was illuminated; Tory peers had their windows broken by the mob; and even the great services of Wellington did not protect Apsley House from damage. Every one was required to illuminate, and duke or citizen who failed to manifest his participation in the universal elation, had to pay the penalty for his indifference to the general rejoicing. The illumination of the streets of London was, however, only one symptom of the general excitement. From John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End a cry was raised of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" Printed lists were circulated stating the manner in which each member had voted on Gascoyne's motion.[6] Every one who had directly or indirectly opposed reform incurred the full animosity of the populace. Gascoyne himself was defeated at Liverpool; Sir Robert Wilson, an ardent Reformer on most points, lost his seat at Southwark for having supported Gascoyne. County members like Vyvyan, the member for Cornwall; Knatchbull, the member for Kent; and Bankes, the member for Dorsetshire, were replaced by Reformers. Even the influence of the boroughmongers[7] was lost in the crisis. For the first time the Duke of Newcastle found himself unable to do what he liked with his own. His candidates were defeated at Newark, at Bassetlaw, and in Nottinghamshire. Lord Lonsdale proved almost equally powerless in Cumberland. The mighty force of popular opinion, bursting the bonds by which it had been controlled, swept political power out of the hands of the borough-owners and transferred it to the people.

[6] *A hostile amendment meant to force the withdrawal of the bill.*
[7] *Men who returned their nominees as members to the Commons and sold their seats for money.*

XXIII.

THE RETREAT FROM CABUL.

ALISON.

[The change wrought by the Reform Bill was seen in a number of reforms, both in Church and State, which followed it, and which are due to the Whig ministries who held office for the ten years which followed its victory. Their great work at home however was sullied by a great crime abroad. A silly panic at the advance of Russia towards India drove the ministry to resolve on an invasion of Affghanistan, and this measure was carried out in a spirit of unscrupulous violence. For a while all seemed successful; but after two years of occupation the Affghans were in revolt; and a British force at Cabul was compelled to buy their permission to withdraw from the country. The bargain was only made to be broken; and the retreat ended in an awful massacre.]

On the sixth of January the march commenced, under circumstances of depression unparalleled in the annals of mankind. Deep snow covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling white; and so intensely bitter was the cold as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing. Sad and suffering issued from the British cantonments a confused mass of Europeans and Asiatics, a mingled crowd of combatants and non-combatants, of men of various climes and complexion and habits—part of them peculiarly unfitted to endure the hardships of a rigorous climate, and many of a sex and tender age which in general exempts them from such scenes of horror. The number of the crowd was large—4,500 fighting men, of whom 700 were Europeans, with six guns and three mountain-train pieces, and upwards of 12,000 camp fol-

lowers. The advance began to issue from the cantonments at nine in the morning, and from that time till dark the huge and motley crowd continued to pour out of the gates, which were immediately occupied by a crowd of fanatical Affghans, who rent the air with their exulting cries, and fired without scruple on the retiring troops, by which fifty men were killed. When the cantonments were cleared all order was lost, and troops and camp-followers, and horses, and foot-soldiers, baggage, public and private, become involved in one inextricable confusion. "The shades of night overtook the huge multitude while still pushing their weary course; but the cold surface of the snow reflected the glow of light from the flames of the British residency and other buildings to which the Affghans had applied the torch the moment they were evacuated by our troops. Weary and desperate the men lay down on the snow without either food, fire, or covering; and great numbers were frozen to death before the first rays of the sun gilded the summits of the mountains."

Disastrous as were the circumstances under which this terrible march commenced, they were much aggravated on the succeeding day. All order was then lost—not a semblance even of military array was kept up save with the rearguard, while numbers of Affghans, evidently moving parallel to the retreating multitude, showed themselves on the heights above, and, in open defiance of the capitulation, commenced a fire upon them. They even attacked the rearguard, and after a violent struggle took the mountain-guns, which, though immediately retaken by Lieutenant Green, could not be brought away, and were spiked amidst the gleaming sabres of the enemy. "Two other guns were soon after abandoned, as the horses were unable to drag them through the snow. Although at nightfall they had only accomplished six miles of their wearisome journey,

the road was covered with dying wretches perishing under the intolerable cold. The Sepoys, patient and resigned, sank on the line of march, awaiting death. Horses, ponies, baggage-waggons, camp-followers, and soldiers were confusedly muddled, while over the dense mass the jezails of the Affghans, posted on the rocks and heights above, sent a storm of balls, every one of which took effect among the multitude. The enemy severely pressed on our rear, and three out of the four remaining guns fell into their hands. The soldiers, weary, starving, and frost-bitten, could no longer make any resistance. There was no hope but in the fidelity of Zemaun Khan, who had always been true to us; but although he had exerted himself to procure supplies, scarcely any were got. Meanwhile, the attacks of the Affghans continued without intermission."

The army was in this dreadful state when it arrived at the entrance of the Coord Cabul defile. It is five miles in length, and bounded on either side with steep overhanging mountains. It is so narrow, the sun never penetrates its gloomy jaws; there is barely room for a rugged road or horse-track between the torrent and the precipices. The stream dashes down the whole way with inconceivable impetuosity, and requires to be crossed eight-and-twenty times in the course of the ascent. To add to the horrors of this defile, the frost had covered the road and edges of the torrent with a coating of ice, on which the beasts of burden could find no secure footing, and in attempting to pass which great numbers slipped, fell into the water, and were swept down by its resistless rush. The heights above were crowded with Affghans, who, securely posted on the summits of precipices inaccessible from the bottom of the ravine, kept up an incessant fire on the confused and trembling multitude which was struggling through the defile beneath. All order was soon lost, if any still remained. Baggage,

ammunition, property, public and private, were abandoned at every step; and so complete was the paralysis that the Sepoys allowed their muskets to be taken out of their hands without attempting any resistance. The massacre was terrible in this frightful defile. Three thousand perished under the balls or knives of the Affghans; and in the midst of the confusion of this scene of carnage the English ladies, who accompanied the columns on horseback, often strained their eyes in vain to descry their children, lost in the horrors in which they were enveloped.

Such of the troops as contrived to get through this dreadful defile had fresh difficulties of a different kind to contend with. The road now ascended the high table-land of Coord Cabul, and the snow fell in great quantities, rendering it in many places impassable for animals or carriages. A cold biting wind from the north-east swept over the lofty bare surface, rendering it almost certain death to sit down, however wearied the wretches might be. Here, however, the whole army was obliged to bivouac, without covering, fire, or shelter of any kind. There were only four tents left; one was given to the General, two to the ladies, one to the sick. In compliance with a recommendation from Akbar Khan, the army halted for a day; but the inexpedience of this delay was so evident that a great part of the native troops and camp-followers moved on without any order, and the sepoys began to desert in great numbers. Akbar Khan, seeing the troops reduced to this woeful plight, now renewed his demand for the giving up of the married officers and their wives, he promising to keep them a day's march in the rear of the army, and in perfect safety. Heartrending as this proposal was to honourable and gallant men, no resistance was made to it—so evident to all was the necessity of the case, and so certain the destruction which awaited them if they remained with the remnant of the troops. Soon

after the whole ladies, with their husbands, escorted by a troop of Affghan horse, set out for the rear of the army, and were placed in the power of the treacherous barbarian.

The European soldiers were now (10th January) almost the only efficient troops left. The sepoys, unaccustomed to a rigorous climate, had almost all sunk or been slain by the Affghans. Nearly all of them were frost-bitten in the hands face, or feet; few were able to hold a musket, much less draw a trigger; the prolonged march in the snow had paralysed the mental and physical powers even of the strongest men. "Hope," says Eyre, "seemed to have died in every breast; the wildness of terror was exhibited in every countenance." The end was now approaching. At the entrance of a narrow gorge, where the road passed between two hills, a strong body of Affghan marksmen appeared, who barred all farther passage and kept up so heavy a fire on the column as it approached, that the whole sepoys broke and fled. Seeing this the Affghans rushed down, sword in hand, captured the public treasure, and all of the baggage which hitherto had been preserved. A hundred and fifty cavalry troopers, fifty horse artillerymen, one hundred and forty of the 44th, and one gun, alone forced their way through, and formed now the sole remaining fighting men of the army. Akbar proposed a surrender to this little body; but they indignantly rejected the proposal, and pushed on, sword in hand, through the crowds of camp-followers, bands of Affghans, and the snowy wilderness.

Still hovering around the rear guard, the Affghan horsemen continued the pursuit of the miserable but undaunted band of men who, in defiance of all obstacles, continued their course. Oppressed by a crowd of camp-followers, and almost as much impeded by them as by their enemies, the wreck of the British force made its desperate way down the

steep descent of the Haft-Kotul, strewn with the melancholy remains of camp-followers and soldiers who had formed the advance of the column. As they passed downwards to Fezeen, a heavy fire was opened on the flanks of the column; but the rear guard, led by Shelton, with invincible firmness repelled the assault, and for a time preserved the remnant of the force from destruction. Seeing ruin inevitable if a start was not gained upon the enemy, Shelton proposed a night march, in the hope of shaking off the crowd of camp-followers which, from the very beginning, had clung to them, and proved as injurious as the jezails of the enemy. Having spiked their last gun, they set off at ten at night; but the alarm had spread to the camp-followers, and they clustered round them as ruinously as before. It was a clear frosty night, and for some hours the march was unmolested; but before morning the enemy overtook the rear and opened a fire on the dark moving mass, which impelled the terrified crowd of camp-followers upon the few soldiers in front, and blocking up the road, rendered it necessary for the rear guard to force a passage through at the bayonet's point. When the way was at length cleared, a dense mass of Affghans was found crowning the heights in front and barring any farther progress; but the little band of European heroes, led by Shelton, kept the enemy in the rear in check, and gallantly forced their way through to Jugdulluck. Here the men lay down in the snow to gain a few hours' rest, after thirty hours' incessant marching and waking; but hardly had they done so when a fire was opened upon them by the Affghans, and they were compelled once more to fight. The enemy, however, deterred by their resolution, fled on their approach; and the wearied column returned to Jugdulluck, where they remained under the shelter of a ruined wall, but still exposed to the fire of the Affghans, all the succeeding day.

Here the conferences were resumed, and Akbar Khan insisted upon General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, remaining hostages in his hands for the evacuation of Jellalabad. This was not at first agreed to, and these officers repaired to the Affghan chief's headquarters to arrange the terms, where they were detained by force, in defiance of their sacred character as pacific negotiators; Elphinstone and Shelton remained in Akbar Khan's hands; and Johnson, who understood Persian, overheard the party who surrounded them conversing in that language on the pleasure they would have in cutting the Feringhee's throats. The remaining body of the British, now reduced to one hundred and forty-five fighting men, resumed their march at nightfall on the 12th, and plunged into the deep and gloomy Jugdulluck Pass. On approaching the summit, they found the mouth blocked by a stout barricade, from behind which the Affghans threw in volley after volley on the struggling throng. Here Brigadier Antequil, Colonel Chambers, Major Thain, and Captain Nicholl, fell and died. Not above twenty officers and forty men succeeded in forcing the fatal barrier. Their only hope consisted in straggling on ahead of their pursuers to Jellalabad. As day dawned they approached Gundamuck; but there their numerical weakness became visible, and they were again surrounded by a body of the enemy. Captain Souter tied the colours of his regiment round his waist, by which they were preserved, and the unconquerable band of heroes pursued their way on, though sorely weakened at every step. In a desperate struggle on leaving Gundamuck, nearly every man in the British party was either killed or wounded. Twelve officers and a few cavalry, all bleeding, rode ahead of the troop, and all but six of them dropped down from their horses before reaching Futtehabad. This small remnant was treacherously assailed there, when taking

food, by the natives, who had professed sympathy, and began by showing kindness; two were slain, the others reached their horses and escaped. All perished, however, excepting one man, Dr. Brydon, before reaching Jellalabad. Worn out and wounded, he had struggled on, borne by a jaded pony, till the walls of the fortress appeared in sight. He was descried from the ramparts, and brought in by a party sent to succour him, being the sole survivor, not a captive, of the Affghanistan expedition.

XXIV.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

J. H. FYFE.

[The invasion of Affghanistan, and the massacre which it brought about, so shook British power in India that war after war followed with the native powers which remained independent. Their struggles however were fruitless; and the conquest of Scinde and the Punjaub left England masters of all India. Meanwhile industrial energy at home was intensified by the application of steam to the purposes of transport. Steamships were made to traverse the sea: and on land the genius of George Stephenson covered England with railroads.]

TOWARDS the close of the last century a bare-legged herd laddie, about eight years old, might have been seen, in a field at Dewley Burn, a little village not far from Newcastle, amusing himself by making clay engines, with bits of hemlock-stalk for imaginary pipes. The child is father of the man, and in after years that little fellow became the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and as the founder of the gigantic railway system which now spreads its fibres over the

length and breadth, not only of our own country, but of the civilized world, the true hero of the half-century.

The second son of a fireman to one of the colliery engines, who had six children and a wife to support on an income of twelve shillings a week, George Stephenson had to begin work while quite a child. At first he was set to look after a neighbour's cows, and keep them from straying; and afterwards he was promoted to the work of leading horses at the plough, hoeing turnips, and such like, at a salary of fourpence a day. The lad had always been fond of poking about in his father's engine-house; and his great ambition at this time was to become a fireman like his father. And at length, after being employed in various ways about the colliery, he was, at the age of fourteen, appointed his father's assistant at a shilling a day. The next year he got a situation as foreman on his own account; and "now," said he, when his wages were advanced to twelve shillings a week—"now I'm a made man for life."

The next step he took was to get the place of "plugman" to the same engine that his father attended as fireman, the former post being rather the higher of the two. The business of the plugman is to watch the engine, and see that it works properly—the name being derived from the duty of plugging the tube at the bottom of the shaft, so that the action of the pump should not be interfered with by the exposure of the suction holes. George now devoted himself enthusiastically to the study of the engine under his care. It became a sort of pet with him; and he was never weary of taking it to pieces, cleaning it, putting it together again, and inspecting its various parts with admiration and delight, so that he soon made himself thoroughly master of its method of working and construction.

Eighteen years old by this time, George Stephenson was wholly uneducated. His father's small earnings, and the

large family he had to feed, at a time when provisions were scarce and at war prices, prevented his having any schooling in his early years; and he now set himself to repair his deficiencies in that respect. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that he had but little leisure to himself; but he was bent on improving himself, and after the duties of the day were over, went to a night-school kept by a poor teacher in the village of Water-row, where he was now situated, on three night's during the week, to take lessons in reading and spelling, and afterwards in the science of pot-hooks and hangers as well; so that by the time he was nineteen he was able to read clearly, and to write his own name. Then he took to arithmetic, for which he showed a great predilection. He had always a sum or two by him to work out while at the engine side, and soon made great progress.

Having learned all he could from the village teacher, George Stephenson now began to study mensuration and mathematics at home by himself; but he also found time to make a number of experiments in the hope of finding out the secret of perpetual motion, and to make shoe-lasts and shoes, as well as mend them. At the end of 1803 his only son, Robert, was born; and soon after the family removed to Killingworth, seven miles from Newcastle, where George got the place of brakesman. They had not been settled long here when his wife died—a loss which affected George deeply, and attached him all the more intensely to the offspring of their union. At this time everything seemed to go wrong with him. As if his wife's death was not grief enough, his father met with an accident which deprived him of his eyesight and shattered his frame; George himself was drawn for the militia, and had to pay a heavy sum of money for a substitute; and with his father, and mother, and his own boy to support, at a time when

taxes where excessive and food dear, he had only a salary of £50 or £60 a year to meet all claims. He was on the verge of despair, and would have emigrated to America, if, fortunately for our country, he had not been unable to raise sufficient money for his passage. So he had to stay in the old country, where a bright and glorious future awaited him, dark and desperate as the prospect then appeared.

About this time a new pit having been sunk in the district where he worked, the engine fixed for the purpose of pumping the water out of the shaft was found a failure. This soon reached George's ears. He walked over to the pit, carefully examined the various parts of the machinery, and turned the matter over in his mind. One day when he was looking at it, and almost convinced that he had discovered the cause of the failure, one of the workmen came up, and asked him if he could tell what was wrong.

"Yes," said George; "and I think I could alter it, and in a week's time send you to the bottom." George offered his services to the engineer. Every expedient had been tried to repair the engine, and all had failed. There could be no harm, if no good, in Stephenson trying his hand on it. So he got leave and set to work. He took the engine entirely to pieces, and in four days had repaired it thoroughly, so that the workmen could get to the bottom and proceed with their labours. George Stephenson's skill as an engine-doctor began to be noised abroad, and secured him the post of engine-wright at Killingworth with a salary of £100 a year.

The idea of constructing a steam-engine to run on the colliery tramroads leading to the shipping place, was now receiving considerable attention from the engineering community. Several schemes had been propounded, and engines actually made; but none of them had been brought into use. A mistaken notion prevailed that the plain round

wheels of an engine would slip round without catching hold of the rails, and that thus no progress would be made; but George Stephenson soon became convinced that the weight of the engine would of itself be sufficient to press the wheels to the rails, so that they could not fail to bite. He turned the subject over and over in his mind, tested his conceptions by countless experiments, and at length completed his scheme. Money for the construction of a locomotive engine on his plan having been supplied by Lord Ravensworth, one was made after many difficulties, and placed upon the tramroad at Killingworth, where it drew a load of thirty tons up a somewhat steep gradient at the rate of four miles an hour. Still there was very little saving in cost, and little advance in speed as compared with horse power, but in a second one, which Stephenson quickly set about constructing, he turned the waste steam into the chimney to increase the draught, and thus puff the fuel into a brisker flame, and create a larger volume of steam to propel the locomotive. The fundamental principles of the engine thus formed remain in operation to this day: and it may in truth be termed the progenitor of the great locomotive family.

XXV.

BALAKLAVA.

W. H. RUSSELL.

[What had aided above all the industrial and commercial growth of England, was the long peace which had prevailed in Europe since the fall of Napoleon. In 1852 however this was broken by a war of England and France against Russia in defence of the Turkish Empire. The war gathered round the fortress of Sebastopol on the Black Sea, which was besieged by the allies; but the besiegers

were soon besieged in their turn by the increasing masses of Russian troops, who not only attacked the positions they held on the plateau south of the town, but strove to cut them off from Balaklava, their main harbour. Here however they were met and defeated by the British forces. The battle of Balaklava has been described by an eye-witness.]

NEVER did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge.[1] The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the speck of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya,[2] and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en echelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves[3] close to us were lying like tigers at the spring,

[1] *Above the plain of Balaklava.* [2] *The stream which passed through the valley of Balaklava.* [3] *French troops from Algeria.*

with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts;[4] all is confusion as the shells burst over them.

Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses —the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ship's guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell[5] "retired" his men to a better position. Meanwhile the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but

[4] *The plain was defended by redoubts manned by Turkish troops.*
[5] *Commander of the Highlanders in the valley; afterwards Lord Clyde.*

the horse hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peleton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a long spray of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turk, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt.

There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthern batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they

perceive the Highlanders drawn up at a distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—lancers and dragoons and hussars. Then they move in two bodies with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within one hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levolled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The High-

landers and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

Our eyes were however turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan,[6] all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let

[6] *Commander-in-chief of the British army.*

the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian

horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

THE END.

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